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Dateline

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Cover girl Lynette loves to misbehave, and we love watching her do it. You can see it all from a worm's eye view in the centre but only if you're good boys!

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### **CLUB INTERNATIONAL**

**Volume Eighteen Number Three** 

TEASE!
a bit of sweet torture

COME AGAIN
it's flag day with
Lucia

IN THE BAG filthy, steamy – and all yours



Sara - lubba lubba!

NATASHA our favourite pervy pet

IN ARREARS
not such a bum deal

TAPED!
big Al Bryce has
'em covered

ROSALIND she loves to be naked

BIRDS OF
PARADISE
get your end away
in Mykonos



Dee's on the jungle beat



Andrea paints the town red

ASK ANDREA she paints a naughty picture!

COME OFF IT! the ins and outs of bonking

SHOOT TO THRILL make your own porn movie!



They'll make your banana split!

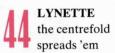
IT'S A FUNNY OL'
GAME
give us a sporting
chance, guv

SARA

very naughty but

very nice

THE HIT LIST
Bananarama –
knobarama!



HEATWAVE it does funny things to our fiction

the wild child rides again



Rosalind - rrraunchy!

TALKING BLUE lock up your parents

SIOBHAN the fuck of the Irish

RACHEL always ready for nookie

GUIDE TO GIRLS completely insane girls exposed



Buns in the oven?

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### THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

ave you ever burnt an Art Director? They really go very nicely, as long as you use enough paraffin.

We held a ritual sacrifice of art supremo Leonardo da Midson after last month's issue came out. You may have noticed that this very column, supposedly introducing the delights of the issue, contained a photo of two girls who weren't in the bleeding rag at all. They had in fact appeared the month before. When this was pointed out to the man Midson, he was heard to say "Well, it doesn't matter that bozo Bleach will never spot it." Just for that I extracted all his lower teeth before setting light to him.

But as Midson's spine-

chilling screams slowly die away, and the only sounds are the cheery snap, crackle and pop of his brightly burning flesh, let us turn our thoughts to happier matters. It is almost spring, the season that young men's fancy turns to thoughts of bonking everything that moves.

Our particular method of enjoying the season here at the palatial Club HQ is as follows: on the first really warm day of the year we head out to Piccadilly Circus, and perch ourselves on the steps of the statue of Eros, clutching a couple of bottles of cold Frascati and some tequila. Then we settle back and wait for them to come by. You know what I mean. The unfettered breasts.

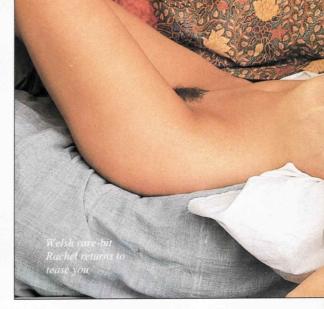
After a whole winter snuggling completely out of

sight under huge woolly jumpers, at this time of year women's jeloobas suddenly bounce free, their nipples rubbing gently against thin cotton T-shirts, separated



Sara gives you what for!





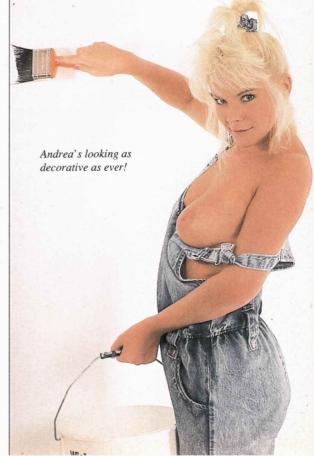
from the balmy spring air by just the thinnest film of transparent material, straining to be free, wobbling, aching to charge at the nearest available male for a good session of squashing and sucking.

In Club, of course, those trembling mounds of wobbly female bliss are on the rampage all year round. So even if we have an unseasonable cold snap this month, you know the tit will be on display round here. And a lot of other things too.

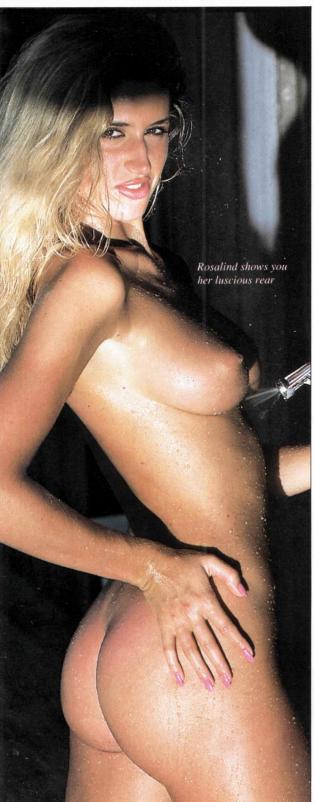
And if it gets really cold we can always warm our hands on Midson. He hasn't quite gone out yet. – Ed. &



Lynette lies back and thinks of England







### COME AGAIN the girl you've asked to see

f you remember, back in Vol 18 No 1 Lucia was flying the flag for Club. We had hundreds of letters from people who'd like to give her a flying one too, and among them were Robert of Tufnell Park, Jim

and Steve of Stoke, Ben of Strathclyde and a strange individual called Mr Havoc of Brighton, who said he "wished he was George Bush so Lucia would have the hots for him". (We did say he was strange.)







# N-THE-BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

### Top Ten Corner

- Marilyn Chambers –
   porn star
- 2. Kim Basinger actress
- 3. Lizzie Webb Keep Fit expert
- 4. Darryl Hannah actress
- 5. Sabrina singer
- 6. Gaynor Bell model
- 7. Lesley-Anne Down actress
- 8. Florence Griffith Joyner athlete
- 9. Stacey Owen model
- 10. Jamie Lee Curtis –

Steve, Mansfield

### Triple Decker

On the cover of Vol 17 No 12 Camille looked like the most fuckable girl I've ever seen since I put down Vol 17 No 11. The inside centre pages proved my opinion was correct

What a sensational model!

A really sexy face, gorgeous big tits, a lovely arse and a superb fanny ripe for a good shafting from both front and rear.

Mind you, fuckabilitywise, Diana ran Camille a close second. In an all too short photoset, she opened her legs several times to reveal her delightful blackhaired cunt which looked just ready for a poking with a long hard prick – preferably mine.

My rock hard cock could also have been shoved very satisfyingly into Annette's temptingly exposed and lusciously inviting cunt as she posed on all fours ready to be had doggy fashion. I bet she'd enjoy that. I certainly would! – John, Sheffield

### **Black Forest**

I fully agree with Dennis of Sutton in Club Vol 17 No 12 – let's see more of the hairy armpit. There isn't a mag on the market yet that shows the hairy armpit to its full advantage. There's nothing like a black forest to get my prick throbbing.

Come on, Club – how about being the first to publish a mag full of them; or can we wait for Andrea to obtain a growth?

There's all this talk and pics about showing the minge, so let's see some of that continental armpit. – DB, Yorks

### Girls, Girls, Girls!

Your magazine has always been excellent, but when I saw the cover of Vol 17 No 12 in the newsagents, I cried, "Oh, my God!" and knew a thunderous wank was imminent!

Just one glance at the contents page had my cock quivering in anticipation. All the girls were incredibly horny but two girls made this magazine the most suckable,

dick-melting issue of all time.

Dear Colleen,

We are "The Sexy Six".

by looking. Now this is

play with your clit and

would have my tongue

stuffed right up that

what we want to do with you! Two of us would suck

a tit each. Two of us would

pussy. One of us would put

something lovely and wet in

gorgeous love hole of yours!

your mouth while me ... I

When we saw you in Vol 17

No 12, we almost came just

The first girl would *have* to be Annette, who certainly set my pulse racing with those incredible poses, one of which didn't look humanly possible – I had to look twice, I can tell you.



Oh, to be fucking her from behind, slapping that full, rounded bottom as I plunge deeply into her hot, throbbing pussy whilst she moans aloud and kneads those wonderful

Dominant Dowse has got a fucking excellent cleavage, you know. I couldn't believe my eyes the first time I set them on it. It felt like I was standing on the edge of the Grand Canyon looking down into it. It certainly brought on my vertigo, I can tell you.

vertigo, I can tell you.

But she wouldn't let me
get my hands on her
mountainous mams. I doubt
if they'd have even gone
round one anyway, but
that's beside the point. She
said I could look but not
touch, and that was an
order. She's a fearsome
woman

So I've been forced to make do with this pair here instead. Not that much force was needed, as you can probably gather. I'm a mam man who's easily pleased. – Gary Garbonza &

We can't wait to see you again in Club. – Jane, Deb, Pam, Anne, Tina and me... Jayne, Stevenage
What a change it makes to have some response from the girls who I know read this mag! Back home in Dublin we have quite an all-girl scene that I know you'd be interested in – so why not write in again and I'll tell you about it. I can't write now cos I'm so turned on! – Colleen &

tits in a frenzied, circular motion. If that girl ever gets desperate for a fuck (which, judging by the photos, she frequently does) please, please, please can I be first in the queue?!

As if that wasn't enough, along came Camille. I can just imagine squeezing those tits together and thrusting my prick between them until I shoot my hot come all over her face in a mind-destroying orgasm.

Your girls are always of the highest quality, Club – but you've surpassed yourself this time. It's going to take my cock a very long time indeed to get over such an unforgettable issue. Well done! – Jonathan, Manchester
Calm down, man! – Ed

### Quickie City

I have decided to put pen to paper and let you know how much my girlfriend turns me on. We've been going out with each other for a number of years and she turns me on more now than ever. She's blonde (like Siân in Vol 17 No 11, and looks a lot like Andrea), five feet seven tall, with lovely long legs, a great pair of tits and the cutest







pussy I've ever seen.

As we both live with our parents we don't get much chance for really naughty sessions and have to make do with quickies. However, when we do get the chance for a session, it's usually mind-blowing.

First Jane dresses up in black stockings and suspenders, which she knows I love. We browse through Club, reading the various letters and erotic stories. Jane starts to caress my dick and slowly wanks me while whispering dirty talk. Then as I look at the gorgeous girls she starts to give me a blow-job, slowly sucking my red knob and moving her hand back and forth on my shaft, keeping a steady erotic pace.

She stops just before I climax and reaches for a black dildo that I recently bought for her, then lies back



with her legs spread open and rubs her clit and pussy with the replica prick.

She starts to talk dirty, very dirty, telling me what she's going to do with me when she's finished her little show. She starts to buck her hips suggestively and moan as she gradually inserts the dildo into her hot juicy pussy. Wow, does she look sexy, the sexiest sight I've ever seen! She starts to speed up as she begins to climax. By this

continued on page 14



One of the Ed's fantasies, this:

we understand the boss met

Natasha here in some pervy

nightclub, wearing exactly these

clothes, and asked her to pose

right there and then. "Well,

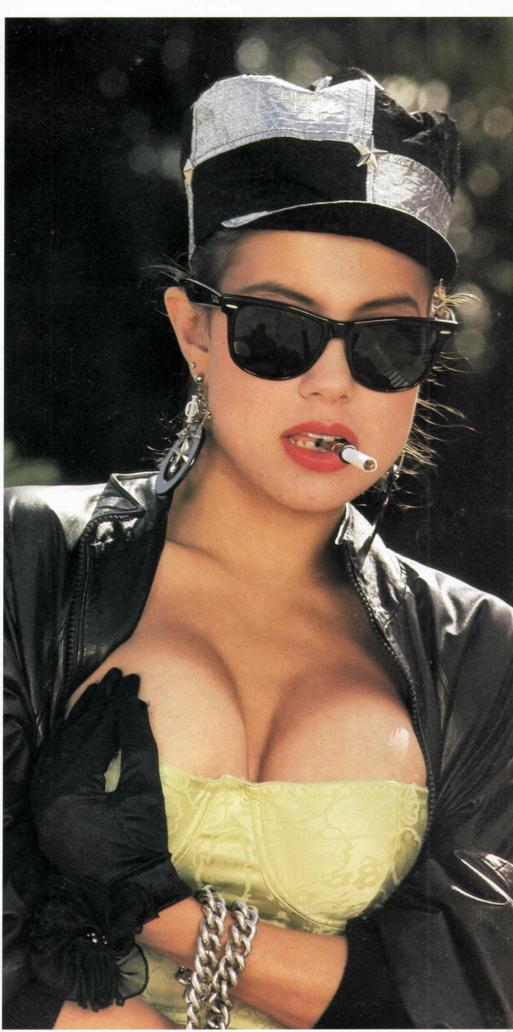
that's not quite true," Natasha

from Brighton tells us.























"I was wearing a mini skirt when he saw me, but he didn't think that was really needed in the photos. What really got him going, I think, was the studded belt. I think he's secretly into leather. I can always tell."

Really? How? "I've had a lot of experience. Guys always start by rubbing

that belt, and pulling it tight. Then their hands wander a bit further down ... and that's when they forget about rubbing the leather and start rubbing me!"









# PAC Well, eit Wfrom a seen in a lor

continued from page 7

time my dick is rock hard and ready to spunk. I start to wank in time with Jane and position myself so I can lick her clitty as she gorges herself. Jane starts to scream in ecstasy and explodes into a mind-blowing climax. Shortly after I explode my load into her pussy and proceed to lick it out.

Then we have an almighty fucking session in Jane's favourite position – face down on the bed with a pillow underneath her pussy giving me access to pump away like mad until we're both exhausted. That gives a good angle for me to get in really deep, which Jane loves. I can tell that by her moans, even though they're muffled!

We both can't wait to get

married when every night will be as wild. But for now we have to make do with quickies! – Anon, Birmingham

### Lay-by Lay

I'd been seeing this guy called Ian from Grimsby for about three weeks, when one Tuesday he called on me unexpectedly during the day. After some emotional blackmail, he agreed that I could go along with him to Leicester for a ride. Little did he guess what kind.

On the way home via Newark, I just couldn't contain my hunger for his prick any longer. So without warning, I unfastened my seatbelt, bent over him, and unzipped his jeans. I then eased out his nine-inch prick, which must have anticipated what was about to

### PAGE3 FROM MARS

Well, either all these "busty beauties" (as we understand they're called) are from a different planet, or this is one of the worst party snapshots we've seen in a long time. "Take us to your leader," we said to Ruth Gordon, Karen Brennan, Kathy Lloyd, Suzanne Mizzi, somebody we don't know and Gail McKenna. But they were too busy at the bar to reply. What did they order? Six shots of red-eye, of course . . . .



commence, and gave it a loving kiss before taking it into my mouth and sucking gently on it. His prick was throbbing, and he was going out of his head, totally gobsmacked at what was happening to him, and extremely nervous of passing motorists looking in when they passed. I let his prick fall from my mouth, and started to nibble and suck at his gorgeous hairy balls. By this time his breathing was getting quicker and his driving more erratic!

My tongue worked its way from his balls, slowly up his shaft, and started to tease his bell-end, encircling it, and eagerly swallowing the precome which began to flow. I knew the poor guy couldn't last much longer, and was proved right, as he pulled in and parked in a layby on the Lincoln by-pass. Within a few minutes his spunk jetted thick and fast into my mouth and I greedily swallowed the hot, salty cream, taking care not to miss a single drop.

When I'd finished and he'd taken time to compose

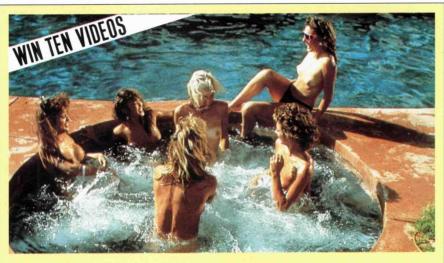
himself, he turned and kissed me saying, "I'm just pleased that this is an automatic car and not a bloody manual – or I'm sure we'd have been killed!"

To this day when either one of us passes this lay-by we can't help but smile to ourselves. I hope you'll print this, to say: "Thanks for the memory!" – Tracey, Lincs

### Cherry Up!

Thanks, Club!

Yesterday I lost my virginity and it was thanks to your magazine. I went into the small corner shop where I always buy your magazine, and picked up the Best Of Club No 15. I flicked through it as always, and when I saw Debbie Fordham I almost spunked; her cunt was beautiful! Anyway, it was almost closing time and I



### RUB-A-DUB-DUB

There's not a lot you can say about a film like *Glitch!*, except that it has to be seen to be believed. Burglars, blue movies, bikini lines, birds in the buff – they're all here. Bryce hasn't been the same since he watched it, and we reckon it could well change your life pretty drastically too.

Well, perhaps not, but you could have a damn good hand shandy in the process. And you could have it for nothing if you win one of the ten vids kindly provided for us by those cuddly little toys at Medusa Communications. Just think, more than 100 lovely bare females for no more than the price of a stamp!

As usual, you've got to study the

NAME	_	_	_	_	_	_	_	_	_
ADDRE	SS	_	_	_	_	_	_	_	_



I'm sick and tired of your sarcasm, Mary! If you want a divorce, just say so!

could see the shopkeeper, with her back to me, getting ready to leave. As no-one was about I stuck my hand down my trousers and started to wank myself off. I was in such a frenzy, almost grunting with excitement, so I decided to ask the shop assistant if I could use her loo. I went up to the counter and as I looked up I almost died. It was Gina, a girl who I had always fancied at school. She must have been about 20 now and looking hornier than ever.

Somehow I managed to stammer, "Can I use your toilet?"

"Sure," she replied. "Want to buy anything?" Feeling rather embarrassed I handed her your magazine. "Ooh, you dirty boy, Peter!" she exclaimed as she looked down to see the bulge in my trousers. "Now I can see why you want the toilet. Who got you so worked up?'

"Debbie," I replied. "The toilet? Where is it?"

"Through there," she murmured, now engrossed in the magazine, obviously looking for Debbie.

About ten minutes and a good wank later I emerged from the toilet. In front of me there must have been about 20 copies of Club laid down on the floor with Debbie's cunt sticking out at me off the pages. I looked up and saw Gina struggling to get her clothes off, but she had only managed to get her blouse off so far.

I was embarrassed, knowing that she wanted a shafting but I was rather reluctant, being a virgin. I



looked round wanting to escape. "The shop's closed," she said calmly, "and locked, and here's the key!" She waved it in front of me and then slowly lifted her skirt up above the tops of her fishnet stockings. She placed her hand inside her skimpy panties and put the



Q: What do you get when you cross a prostitute with a crocodile?

A: A girl who can give you a blowjob and make it snappy.

(A psychiatrist writes: Anyone who finds the above joke in the least funny should seek medical help, or go for a staff job on the BBC's situation comedy unit.)

JM of Ealing, who sent us this "joke", has already been supplied with a batch of Club goodies, a BBC application form and a doctor's note. If you fancy the same, send your drivel to the usual address. +

key in.

'Come and get it!" she grinned. I was about to try the door just in case it wasn't locked but stopped when she sexily moved towards me, her large breasts straining to get out of her tight seethrough bra and her nipples just peering out over the top of the half cups. Suddenly she went down to her knees, swiftly pulling down my trousers and briefs to reveal my pulsing hard-on. Although it was only about six inches she didn't seem disappointed, just took it into her mouth to suck out the pre-come and caress it with her tongue and teeth.

I couldn't hold back any more. I pulled off my shirt, her skirt and tarty highheeled shoes and slowly slipped down her panties.

continued on page 32

## BAD JOKE IN ARREARS



s you know, my immense Club expense account enables me to travel the world in search of the perfect bottom. Well, the other day I was attending a rump convention in Ulan Bator (look it up) and I found the rear that will change the course of history, the holy grail of

bottomness: the threecheeked arse. It was kept in a specially-constructed gold chamber at the heart of the city, worshipped and guarded day and night, and consulted by the government on all policy decisions.

I now plan to enlist a team of mercenaries, raid the city and bring the bum to Britain. Anyone with military experience who wants to join me, just write to the usual address.

In the meantime, we've got two regular cheeks this month. Still, I'm quite happy with them, since I've just dribbled all over the things and licked them dry. Nice, eh? - Billy Buttock &

# TAPED.

Does **Allan Bryce** know his tart from his art? And does he know his art from his elbow? Read this and you'll learn the answer – no!

t occurred to me the other day that being a fan of dirty videos is a bit like being a politician – after all, they both spend a lot of time shaking hands with the unemployed . . . While you're figuring that one out let's get straight on with the

steamy small screen action, starting with a movie that's as hot and horny as a rhinocerous who's just eaten a dodgy Vindaloo. I'm talking about **The Best of British Blue Volume 1**, a tape that brought a patriotic lump to my trousers and very nearly made me proud to be one of Maggie's millions.

There's no plot to strain on your brain here, just rampant percy-punishing porn guaranteed to give you what we in the trade fondly refer to as 'a right good blue-veiner'. The action kicks off with two girls in stretch-resistant leotards doing an erotic dance, kicking their legs up so high you can see what they had for lunch. The camera moves in to take a closer look at the menu, but just as we're ready to have a good old pull on the joystick the scene is fragmented by a hefty dose of weird visual trickery. Either this is Serious Art or the bloody telly is on the blink again . . .

Next segment is *The First Time*, in which a shy young beauty learns the basics of posing nude. It doesn't look all that hard actually: take your togs off and stick your boobs and bum in the air.

"You're doing great," says the cameraman, who's clicking away like he's got shares in Kodak – a shame he's forgotten to take the lens cap off . . .

Now, as I'm sure you



Feeling in the pink?

know, every month we try and steer you in the direction of at least one very special new video release which the distributors have bribed us heavily to promote. So let me rush to recommend Not Of This Earth, a science fiction extravaganza made with a 'cast of thousands' and on the sort of budget that makes the National Health look prosperous by comparison.

A remake of an old 50s movie, it's the story of a very modest alien invasion (just one guy in dark glasses, a discreet grey business suit and a red polka-dotted tie). His name is Mr Johnson and he has dropped in on we unsuspecting earthlings to guzzle down a few pints of the frothy red stuff - and I don't mean Ribena. The only person who can save the planet from all this foolishness is former underage porn queen, Traci Lords. So as you can imagine, the planet's in a lot of trouble . .

Moving right along we come to **The Sex Box**. This is one of those cassettes that carries a warning saying: "The cover of this video does not necessarily depict

### G-0/3/3/4/5

Strange but true dept here: the world's fattest food critic **Nathaniel Fatbastard** has gone on a diet. He's only eating three people a day. Now read on . . .

eing something of a celebrity, I'm constantly besieged with requests for interviews from those faggoty lifestyle magazines full of men in baggy suits with so much gel in their hair that their heads must be stiff with bluebottles in summer. Only last week, Jenny Lee-Shitter of Weekend Cottage and Volvo Estate magazine asked me to take part in their Room of My Own feature, 'Me and My Kharsi'. She

told me to leave the crapper just the way it was, so it was full by the time she arrived with the photographer.

"It's full of olde worlde charm," she said, asking if the delicate beige pattern around the bowl was traditional Staffordshire. I told her it was Indian – a fucking good Rogan Gosh with extra pickle. She was clearly impressed.

So after she'd inspected

the old log cabin, we ditched the David Bailey of the Dunny, and went for a light meal. I'd only had the Cannelloni al Jolson for two (£3.50) followed by Fettuccine and Tagliatelle with a side order of Ravioli (£7.90) and was halfway through my Cassata and Profiteroles with whipped cream and chocolate sauce when I started to get a stabbing pain in my chest. The pasta/ante pasta reactors were cracking up! I'm happy to say that after a couple of pints of Frascati, it wore off sufficiently to get her home and shag her senseless. But I went to the doc the next day.

And guess what? The cunt said I should lose weight! He told me I had to stick to 10,000 calories a day for four weeks. I told him that might be okay for some vacuously vain hairdresser who wanted to get her fat arse into a pair of 501s, but I was a professional eater!

"It's like telling Ayrton Senna he has to drive a Yugo for a month," I protested, but the bastard was adamant.

So that afternoon, I bought a copy of *Anna Rexic's Slim and Trim Guide* (Anaemic Press, £3.95), a paperback with some scrawny tart in a leotard on the cover. On the back was a woman wearing someone bigger's trousers saying, "I lost ten pounds in a day with the Shipton diet."

Remarkable until you read that it costs £9.99.

So instead I went down to the Safewaste supermarket (189, Graffiti Street, Peckham), a store that sells so many slimming products, it has an Under Eight Calorie checkout. Loading up with low-fat milk, low-fat cheese and low-fat lard, I then plumped for a Lite-Brite Lo-Cal No-Cholesterol, Polyunsaturated Choc-Flavor Bucket of Trifle with Kremee-Wip Swete-Dremee Topping (serves 300 for £4.99). I ignored the cottage cheese (65p a gallon), knowing it gets its name from looking and tasting exactly like Artex, and was equally unimpressed by Thindus's (only 200 calorie) Mean Cuisine - a complete steak and kidney pudding and mashed potatoes with gravy in a tin-foil thimble (£9.85). Instead I bought a packet of Scanda-Luss Krispbread (35p for 20) and a tanker-load of 100% Putrisweet Diet Wango lemonade (one calorie per ten gallons - 75p).

I'm glad I did. The Diet Wango went well with a bottle of gin and the Krispbread did an excellent job replacing the missing ceiling tiles in the bathroom. And the diet? Over the month, I lost 16lbs. Mind you, that was all on the first day. The trifle was off and I shat a stone in 24 hours.



the film within." Bloody right it doesn't: the cover has all these sexy females holding their legs wide open, while inside is a very mild 1970s production about the boss of a horny sex magazine. A few choice bits of crumpet can be seen wriggling out of their Biba casuals, but for the most part it's about as arousing as an episode of *Man About The House*.

And finally we come to Glitch!, a cheeky comedy from Nico Masterakis, a man better known for such immortal classics as 9 1/2 Greeks and Donner Cry For Me Argentina. Here, Nico has used his own lavish home (formerly a high class Kebab emporium) to stage a farcical tale about brazen burglars who break into a film director's plush Los Angeles mansion and promptly stage a casting call for an imaginary blue movie, inviting over a hundred (count 'em) gorgeous females to reveal their immaculately coiffured bikini-lines for the part.

Sophisticated entertainment it ain't! In fact, the comedy is pitched at roughly the same level as an old *Three Stooges* short. But if you want to look at beautiful girls with no clothes



on then I suggest you get 'em off and settle down in front of this one. We've even got some to give away in a competition (turn to page 14). How we do it on our budget I'll never know . . . .

The Best Of British Blue Volume 1 is available from Network Distribution, 64 St Mary's Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Not Of This Earth is available from MGM UA Home Video.

The Sex Box is available from Piccadilly Video. Glitch! is available from Medusa Communications.





There's something about a sandy bum, isn't there, chaps? Taut, perky buttocks just sprinkled with enough beach to bring attention to those curves. Trouble is, that sand just gets *everywhere*.

"I've been on beaches before, of course," says Rosalind, a 23-year-old







researcher from Manchester. "I always take holidays somewhere hot and secluded, so I can at least go topless – and sometimes I get to a beach where I can take off everything for an all-over tan. But modelling wasn't at all like sunbathing: the photographer had me squirming and turning and bending every which













way, so the sand got into every nook and cranny!

"I didn't mind, though. All that writhing about in the hot sun does funny things to a girl. I definitely had some very hot nights on my trip after all those hot days!"

### Birds of Paradise

Sun, sand, sea, sex, seductive sirens, sloppy slappers, sensuous shenanigans, squishy squodgy shaved scrubbers. It's all in Mykonos, says **Tim Scott**.

Let's face it, there's only one reason you find all these travel features in Club. It's because we like putting in loads of pictures of seminaked girls on beaches.

It happens like this. All these correspondents come into the office after roaming all over the world and indulging in international nookie, slap loads of shots on the desk and say, "Take a look at that lot, and guess which ones I had." So we take a look. A long look. And then another. And by that time we like them so much we have to print the things.

Then, to justify all this, we

ask the guy what the place was like and write a very informative piece about it, so if you really want to go there and bonk the girls yourself you'll know what you're doing.

This works very well sometimes: last month we did a feature on Florida, and very good it was too, we reckon. This month, though, the place in question is Mykonos, a small Greek island which used to be known as a strictly gay resort, but which these days is chock full of randy straight girls from Europe, America and Australia.

Trouble is, apart from the

fact that the place is full to bursting with crumpet and everyone goes there to sunbathe, drink and fuck, there's totally bugger all to say about Mykonos. The town has quite a few good bars and clubs, and some rather nice beaches nearby, but the rest of the island is completely barren: there's nothing to see except the next pair of plump thighs sidling up to you on the nudist beach. Of course, that's quite enough for us, but there's really not much you can say about it, is there?

Bearing that in mind, we'll tell you that the best beach is













Superparadise because it's got the most naked women on it, the best discos are Nine Muses and the Yot Club because they've got the most semi-naked women in them, the hotels are OK, the food's cheap and if you can't get your leg over here you never will. Don't be shy: just about every girl here is here for just one reason, and if the first doesn't fancy you it's odds on the next one will.

Right, that's the info out of the way. Now we'll just settle back and look at the bums. We'd advise you to do the same – or hit the travel agents now . . . .













Photographs by Dag Ohrlund

### ASK YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

# MDREA

You men out there (not to mention some of the ladies too) certainly are an odd bunch! I've had no end of strange requests for my feature since I joined Club, but this month's had to be just about the strangest ever. At first I was a bit doubtful if I could do it *and* look sexy at the same time, but I think it's worked pretty well, don't you?

The man whose idea it was is called Justin, he comes from Kingston and he has a fetish about decorating. He told me: "My girlfriend and I were decorating my flat last week, and she was getting covered in paint and glue. It was all over her, and she'd never looked sexier to me. We started having a paint fight with the leftovers, and soon I was covered in it too – and my cock was as stiff as a poker! Before I knew it, we were rolling on the floor in all the mess and pulling each other's clothes off in our haste to have a screw. The paint fight had made my girlfriend as randy as me, and we had the best fuck of our lives – and a good time getting all the paint off ourselves afterwards.

"If you could relive this in your column, Andrea, it'd give me a huge thrill, and probably a few good wanks to all your other fans too."

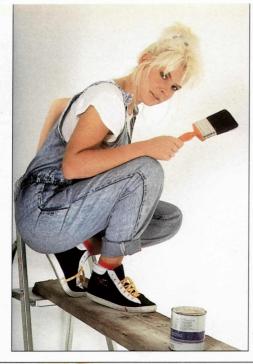
And as that's what it's all about here, I got out my brushes and overalls and got to work. And I can tell you that I ended up feeling pretty randy too . . . nice idea, Justin! Keep 'em coming.

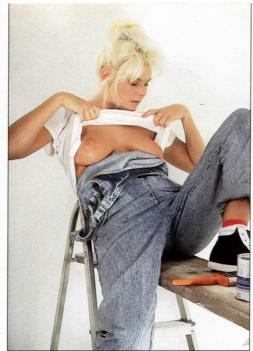
P.S. I'd just like to put in a quick note to my regular correspondent, Alistair of Perth, to thank him belatedly for the beautiful necklace he sent me for Christmas. All my love and kisses, Alistair!

Photographs by Joanie Allum























North Berwick
This seems to be one of the most popular requests of the moment – perhaps it's the thought that I might just forget to put on my frilly tennis knickers one of these days. You all know what I'm like! So I'll just have to get round to it this summer, Neil – but only if you'll be my ball boy!

### Dear Andrea,

You might have made
George of London's cock
stand up in Vol 17 No 10
by dragging him upstairs
and forcing him to wear a
maid's outfit, but I can see
from your eyes that you're
a soft-hearted lady just
eager to slip out of your
panties at a snap of the

fingers – my fingers, to be precise. My dreams are always of women doing exactly what I tell them to do. Will you be my next dream?

I had already dreamt of a girl just like you before I had even bought a copy of Club. In my dream, I met her in a pub in Central London. She wore a tight-fitting black silk suit, and I could easily see through the thin material of her skirt that she wore stockings and suspenders. After introducing myself and getting several drinks down her throat I told her that she would have to take off her bra and pants, and then I would take her out for an expensive dinner.

She did as I told her, and we proceeded to my favourite

restaurant. We had dinner and I told her that for afters she would have to suck me off. Much to everybody's surprise she lifted her skirt and slipped under the table. Her quick working fingers and ruby red lips soon made my day!

And the more I look at your photos the more you look just like the girl in my dreams. – Jack, Herts
All I have to say to you, Jack, is – what's the name of your favourite restaurant?!

### Dear Andrea,

I've followed your amazing body through many issues of Club. And every time you appear I buy two copies, one to collect and the other . . . to you know what over.

When I was at school I had

a fantasy about my games mistress and I would be wanking for weeks if you would fulfil it. I always imagined her in a mortar board and black gown (wearing nothing else, I hasten to add!) with a cane for beating those naughty boys!

Please could you do this to make your greatest fan incredibly happy? – JCD, Northants
I bet I know who was teacher's pet when you were

teacher's pet when you were at school! I must confess that I've always fancied myself in one of those old fashioned mortar boards, with one of the big black gowns swishing round my legs and rubbing on my bare nipples. I can't explain why that thought makes me feel really randy, but it does! So watch out in future issues and you might be my teacher's pet!

### Dear Andrea,

I just had to tell you this.

Since I first saw you in Club
I've fallen in love with you.
You look like an angel – and
I feel like a devil thinking of
what I'd like to do to you. I
hope you don't mind me
telling you this. – Anon
Why so shy, Anon? It's very
flattering to know that you find
me so lovable. I find shy guys
like you very exciting!

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!



# COME OFF IT

In the second instalment of his fascinating series,

Wayne Dollock gives you the ins and outs of bonking – with knobs on.

#### FALSIES

Two out of five women have faked an orgasm.

#### **OUT AND ABOUT**

In a survey over 53% of couples said they'd had sex outdoors.

#### **BIG CLITS**

The longest clitoris ever measured was three inches long.

#### **PULLING A FAST ONE**

During orgasm a man's pulse rate can reach 150 beats per minute.

#### **NOOKIE BARE**

To say that people "hunger" after sex is a misleading phrase. Unlike a craving for food, the more sex we get the more we want; whereas the more food we get the less we want.

#### PAY AS YOU ENTER

One in seven men has had sex with a prostitute.

#### **COMING ALONG**

The average length of an orgasm for a woman is six to ten seconds.

#### DOUBLE YOUR FUN

If the girl of your dreams was a spiny anteater she'd have two vaginas.

#### IT'S A STICK-UP!

A report in the medical journal, *The Lancet*, told of a hooker in New York who claimed to have "serviced" 15,000 clients.

#### TAKE A CHANCE

One in six couples do not use any form of contraception at all.

### FAMOUS PEOPLE RUMOURED TO HAVE BIG KNOBS

Charlie Chaplin, Errol Flynn, Jimi Hendrix, Toulouse Lautrec, Bob Geldof, Rasputin, Don Johnson, Stephen Bleach, Ed. (Run that past me again, Bleach! – Dominant Dowse) ♣

# IN-THE-BAG

continued from page 15

Her body was perfect. She had large, well padded thighs and although she looked delicately built and elegant her tits, now flopped out of the skimpy bra, were beautifully rounded and each topped with an erect, perfectly formed nipple. I pushed her on to her back and withdrew from her mouth to get into the 69 position.

She started sucking me off again, all the time groaning: "Lick me, lick me out, you bastard. Stuff your tongue up my cunt." I pulled apart her hood and out popped her labia. I brushed back her muff and started nibbling her wet love petals. She was writhing about now as I got the hang of thrusting my tongue deeper and deeper. Soon I could feel the come starting to swell up in my

prick and when I couldn't hold back any longer I let loose a stream of creamy spunk along with a scream of pleasure. She must have swallowed it all as I never saw any on her face as I looked down at her. She begged me to carry on licking and almost immediately she climaxed, drowning me with juices.

I lay back on the floor,



already exhausted, but she wasn't finished yet. She got up off the floor and knelt

# MOTORVATION

Forget Freddie. The current nightmare on any street is far more hideous. Fearless **John Masham** investigates the greatest menace of our age . . . estate agents.

he big new blockbuster this year is set to be Hallowe'en the 13th or Nightmare on Elm Street Part IV, in which sharp-clawed Freddie finally meets his match in the shape of sharp-suited Des Rezz, a local estate agent with designs for redevelopment. While Freddie is busy doing little more than searing the white knickers off countless adolescents, Des is busy dreaming up far more wicked schemes. His dreams include plans to develop Elm Street, and indeed any other street he can lay hands on, into a "unique and prestigious total living environment for the really discriminating quadrillionnaire".

The fact is that if you want proof of the non-existence of God, estate agents are it.
Dressed to a man like greased-back Jonathan Ross clones, and blessed with all the intelligence and wit of a dry sponge, they are a revolting shower; about as welcome in modern society as a Libyan extremist with a sore tooth.

While sharing the basic anatomy of man, the estate agent's closest cousin is, of course, the cheese mite, whose precise brain the estate agent shares, albeit on a much smaller scale. Indeed, were Des's brains any smaller he'd live in a greenhouse. Or, to put it into language even he'd understand, in a "compact,

light and airy detached residence of character having unobstructed views over the surrounding area''.

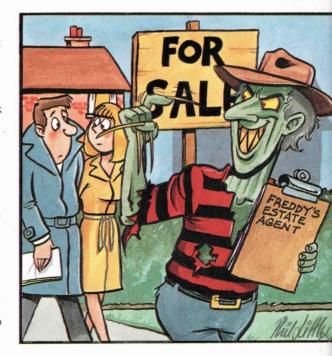
Moving in on Elm Street
Des purchases Freddie's old
haunt – a delightful old wreck
– for just 50 grand. Two-up,
two-down and with no
structural faults that couldn't
be fixed with a steel ball and
a bulldozer. Des, of course,
doesn't have a bulldozer but
he does have an estate
agent's ruler (seven inches to
the foot), a dictionary, and a
mate who'll paper over the
worst cracks for a tenner.

The short ruler makes quick work of any rooms which are simply too cramped (I mean *compact*) and the dictionary comes into its own when it's time to draw up The Particulars. It's quick work too – within minutes a slum hitherto only fit for clearance has been "tastefully converted by experts" into two luxurious executive apartments, each selling for £50,000.

Both benefit from original fixtures (such as pre-(Boer) war plumbing), open-plan

Scandinavian living spaces (the back wall's fallen down), double-height hallways (the ceiling's rotted away), and full, adjustable mood-lighting (choose between on, off, or self-electrocution, depending on the mood of the wiring that particular day).

As for next year, by which





Who the fuck told you to beam me up? over me, her tits dangling in my face and her hands reaching down to caress my bollocks. I gasped, "Is there no pleasing you, you horny bitch?'

"Not till you've shafted me good and hard. Doggie style," she replied. After a few minutes of nibbling her tits, my dong was back in action. She knelt in front of me so I grasped her boobs and thrust my knob into her well-lubricated cunt. We soon had the rhythm going and we were both moaning with ecstasy. We shuddered as we came together. This

continued on page 98

time the residents will have died of something revolting which came up from the Victorian sewer conveniently situated under the kitchenette. Des has even more exciting plans.

Still aiming to provide "low-cost starter accommodation", he plans to further convert the little house on Elm Street, this time into four self-contained dwelling units, each one again selling for £50K. These will be sold to people with longish hair as "studios", to people with pretty normal hair as "pied à terres", and to people with grey hair as "compact, easy-to-manage retirement homes". (Old people, after all, hardly have the strength to swing a cat anyway.)

The cleverest part is that prices have stabilised - it's only the property ladder which is fluctuating, a trend which is sure to continue as Des is currently working on plans to sell time shares in that all-important first rung. And to think, some of us can remember the days when, on one income, you could pick up a whole ladder. 🕏









### SHOOT

n the great Club tradition of completely buggering up the schedules, we bring you the ultimate Valentine's Day present – a month late!

But never mind, 'cos this is a present that would go down very nicely any time of year. Those stunningly clever chaps at Electric Blue have decided they can make any woman a film star – and for a small roll of blue notes, they'll do it for your other half!

The project's called Electric You, and it goes like this: you tell the EB mob your lady's favourite fantasy, they get her into the studio, make her up, strip her down and produce a sizzling 15minute tape specially for you. It's shot and edited on professional format, with a full soundtrack, and they'll even send your movie gift-wrapped.
"We want to bring out

the sensual being that lies at the heart of even the most overworked housewife," says Adam Cole, MD of Electric Video. (Who said poetry was dead? - Ed.) "More and more couples are watching our programmes together, making that effort to keep the physical side of their relationship exciting."

If you reckon your lady might fancy a bit of star treatment, or if you're one of our female readers and want to give your guy a thrill, drop a line to Electric You at 11-14 Lonsdale Road, London NW6. And, they tell us, it's all in confidence knoworrimean, John? (P.S.We would like to apologise for the above headline. We know it's hackneyed rubbish, but we're very tired and rather drunk. We'll do better next time, honest. – Asst. Ed.) ♣



# IT'S A FUNNY OL' GAME!

This sports column is now sponsored by Eeezeesnip Scissors. Their generous help has allowed us to cut **Bob Holmes'** copy until we can almost understand it.

od the little man," said a self-made millionaire from the vantage point of a sponsor's box at Royal Ascot.

The (not very learned) gentleman was speaking during a Channel 4 investigation into the invasion of our sporting heartland by battalions of Pimms quaffers. And as sponsorship turns sport into big business rather than big fun, he was probably speaking for most of our

sports bosses.

Ex-Spurs boss Keith
Burkinshaw vented die-hard
frustration when he surveyed
the wheeling and dealing that
has brought Tottenham to the
stock market, the clothing
industry and the biggest lager
sponsorship in football.
"There was once a football
club out there," he mused
bitterly. There still is but, like
a trapped earthquake victim,
it's struggling to come out
from the rubble.

Yes rubble. The Shalf'

Yes, rubble. 'The Shelf' once offered the finest terrace

view in the land but when the accountants totted up the fans' four quids and didn't like the result, it suffered the demolition squad's version of the Big Bang. Already sensing they were low on the list of priorities, the fans staged a protest. But to no avail. And just what's replacing the Shelf? You've guessed it. Executive bloody boxes.

Tinted-glass yuppie hatches are undoubtedly an integral part of any sponsorship which, claims the Sports Council, "is a game both sides can win." Indeed, there are several clubs that owe their existence to 'the generosity' of some fairy godmother in a sharp suit, from Maxwell at Oxford to Flashman at Barnet. Letting these people get pissed in an appropriate box is fine but, for sport's sake, let's keep them and their cold-eyed accountants out of the corridors of power.

That certain entrepreneurs find the environs of the box, with its unlimited supply of contract-oiling booze, a good place to do business, is not surprising but cannot be right when the hard-core have to miss the second half queueing for a Bovril and a leak in a third world urinal. The bad guys in this story may brandish nothing more harmful than a tall glass but their omnipresence is causing a greater shift amongst the real lovers of sport than the types who 'sign autographs' with a Stanley knife.

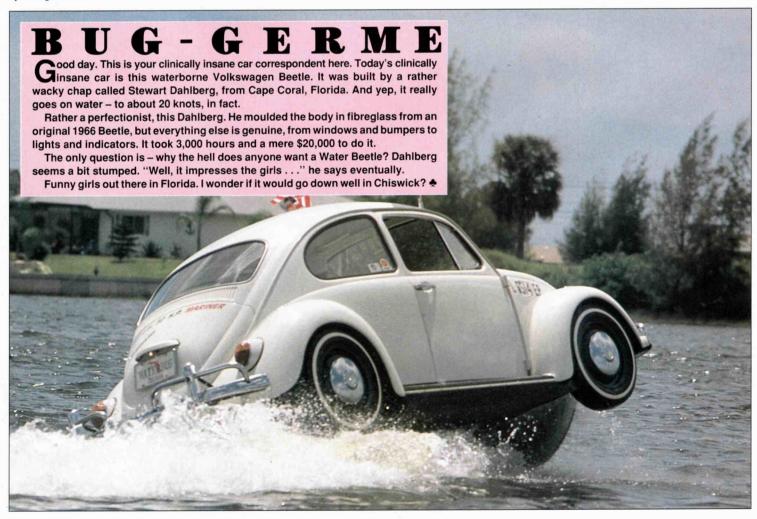
Being turfed out from a long-leased tenancy is not the only thing the fan is having to stomach - shirts are being disfigured by the demands of the logo and, in some sports, even names are no longer sacred! How about this (genuine) tongue-twister from the world of basketball: "Carlsberg League champions Polycell Kingston beat Walkers Crisps Leicester to win the Kelloggs Cup". Even the sponsors can't have been too happy with that one: what are we supposed to do - drink the lager, eat the crisps, sniff the glue and then be sick in a bowl of Frosties?

Mercifully, major sports have been spared such upheavals – and tonguetwisters – but classic stripes have been hideously masked to accommodate the names of the local pork butchers while once-proud teams take the field resembling sandwichboard men.

Of course, the sponsors want their pound of flesh, and any chairman who has fallen out with his accountant to prop up a dubious sporting cause is bound to be aggrieved when he finds not a mention of the firm in the paper. The media is rightly reluctant to clutter its copy but a compromise must be found that will keep the coffers open.

Happy mediums have been worked out. Cornhill's sponsorship of cricket has not only lifted the game but trebled the company's turnover. Without it those pushy types will turn the playing fields of England into an American shopping mall. After all, if sponsorship is the snip it is cracked up to be they'll come in on sport's terms.

Otherwise it will be Persil Whiter than Whites versus McDonald's '100 trillion sold' Big Macs for the Wilkinson Sword 'For Real Men' Cup. And we know who'll be the only sods watching.





Sara might look like a sweet young thing, but don't let that fool you for a minute.

For the 18-year-old from Daventry is one of the naughtiest girls we've ever met at Club. And we ain't joking. Just take a look at those boots – they're lethal!















"I'm very fond of my boots, as you can all imagine," Sara grinned to us when we tackled her on the subject. "They do come in very handy. You wouldn't believe the number of men who get turned on by these kind of fetish boots, young and old!

"The thing is that I like to feel dominant and take charge when it comes to sex. And because I look so

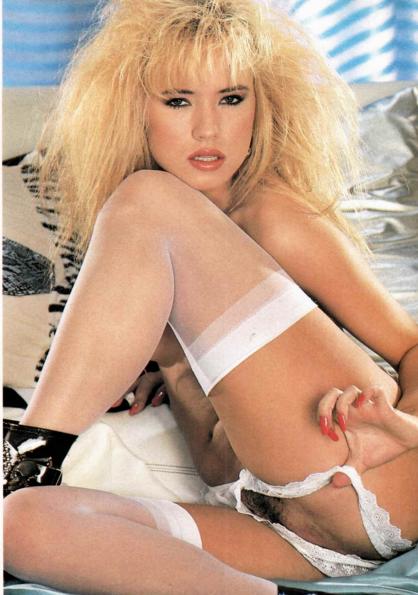


sweet and innocent (so you tell me) my men

don't realise until it's too late. Not that they seem

to object most of the time . . . . . . . . ♣









# THE HIT LIST

# BANANARAMA

RUMOURED TO BE THE NAUGHTIEST GIRLS IN POP, BANANARAMA REVEAL TO TONY FOYLE THAT...

ould you like to go to bed with Bananarama? Despite being the most successful all-girl group ever, the trio have never been particularly star struck, and admit to liking their men down-to-earth, rugged and razor free. To qualify for a place under their duvets you'd have to be a stubbly barrow boy type - or perhaps a hirsute guitarist called Dave. But even if they did fancy chomping at your bits, chances are they'd never show it. Or at least, not in public.

"You have to watch what you're doing in the limelight," says the elfin Keren. "You can't go round snogging willy nilly."

Willies and nillies apart, however, they're wary of a lot of other things, not least being branded as talentless biscuit brains. They've lost

count of the number of times they've been asked to get their kit off, and even though they turned down a lucrative offer from the News Of The World to do some fur coats and lacy underwear photos they like to think that they "would have looked good in that stuff".

"It would lose the essence of the group if we went for all that tits and bums stuff and dressed like tarts," says Keren.

The essence of the group is three girls out for a bloody good time. This party animal philosophy harks back to the early days when they "just did it for a laugh". They used to be so outrageous in the recording studio that they were often sent home for messing around. "It was the producer's fault that we were giggling all the time," insists blonde-haired Sarah. "He kept trying to play kiss chase round the studio.

New Banana Jacquie rattles a few skeletons?

Since those days the lineup has changed. Siobhan departed to marry Eurythmic Dave Stewart and "mellowed out" - a marked contrast to her younger days when she was renowned for such delinquencies as romping in cornfields with her boyfriends, bathing in bucketfuls of milk and getting thrown out of Newcastle discotheques for ripping the clothes off her fellow Bananas. A damn good idea, that one.

Siobhan's replacement, Jacquie O'Sullivan, slotted in to all that mayhem with remarkable ease and aplomb. She has a natural sense of fun and style with a wardrobe to match. But trendy clobber wasn't the only thing nestling in her closet and the tabloids wasted no time in rattling a few old skeletons. And there were plenty to rattle.

Jacquie makes no bones about the fact that she used to work in a fetish club in London's West End where she dressed in leather and PVC. She also took part in a sex slaves stage act dressed in bondage gear. Wearing a leather mini skirt she would check that folk were suitably attired before they were let in. These tales of her past are so risqué that the group are still deciding exactly how much they should mention in their biography.

One former club goer remembers her vetting people at the door: "The punters used to wear normal clothes

trousers for her to reveal skimpy leather pants or just a thong.

Nowadays Jacquie's more at home getting her gob around a good hard song. But she's not the only one of the trio accustomed to seeing what a man has to offer in the sausage department.

In the video for their single Venus Keren was decked out as a French tart. "I was being swung around by this hunky male model covered in oil. Afterwards, when we were in the dressing room, he came in and took a shower in front of us. He was trying to show off. I just didn't know

Sarah didn't escape either: "In the same video I had to wear a plastic PVC corset and a big cape to cover all these naked men huddling around me. I really enjoyed being a strong, dominating woman."

Their sexy image has so far been reserved for appearances in their videos. They've been offered film parts which, like their videos. all seem to invariably feature them surrounded by hordes of horny men. "The best script," they remember, "cast us as students who gave boys bonking lessons under the stage!"





This wasn't too far removed from the Bananas' own school days. "I was very unpopular with the girls," recalls Sarah, "because all the boys fancied me." And Jacquie's school days sound just like her clubbing nights: "We got slapped all the time at school. The nuns were so sadistic."

Having grown up and tasted success they've had to handle the temptations fame brings – men and money. "I enjoy a bit of fame," says Keren. "The money side has never been that important. And as for sex, well that always came pretty easy anyway."

They've had to learn how to handle men, though it's rare for them to be own they're very shy and polite!"

To this end the girls like to

Evans, decked Wylie in a Brixton nightclub and had him thown out.

"Everyone wants to know about our sex lives.There's a lot we could tell them that would make juicy stories."

approached directly. As Keren points out, "When our male fans are in a big gang they get very bold and sexual. They start chanting things like 'Get your tits out'. But when they're on their

keep their distance. However, last year Keren strayed from her long-term relationship when she had a fling with musician Pete Wylie. Amidst a blaze of publicity her livein boyfriend, David ScottSarah's wild ways were influenced by her elder brothers. "They were mental. They used to have these wild parties and there'd be cars wrapped round lamp posts and police at the door."

Jacquie, who's just coming to terms with her new-found fame, says, "I enjoy sex, but I don't find it such an amazing thing that I have to go chasing it every night."

"People think that because you're in a group you're sleeping your way around the world," adds Sarah. "Everyone wants to know about our sex lives. There's a lot we could tell them that would make juicy stories."

"I suppose," concludes Keren, "that some boys would like to get their hands on us just so they can brag to their mates that they've had one of Bananarama."

Well, wouldn't you? ♣







Photographs by Scott Evans

You can tell that Lynette's red hot. If the look in this luscious 21-year-old's eyes didn't give it away instantly, then those scarlet stockings certainly would. "Yes, these definitely come in handy in the bedroom," grinned Lynette, rubbing her hands up and down her thighs to illustrate the fact.



"They just seem to send the blokes wild. They reckon that if I'm wearing red undies it must mean that I'm insatiable

- which of course, I am!"

Really? Tell us more.









"Well, firstly, I like sex often. And I mean very often, like five times a day on average. And that's just for openers. I love men who are really adventurous and inventive in bed: you know, with different positions, different places, that kind of thing. The more imagination a bloke shows, the better!"

Tell us *much* more . . .♣







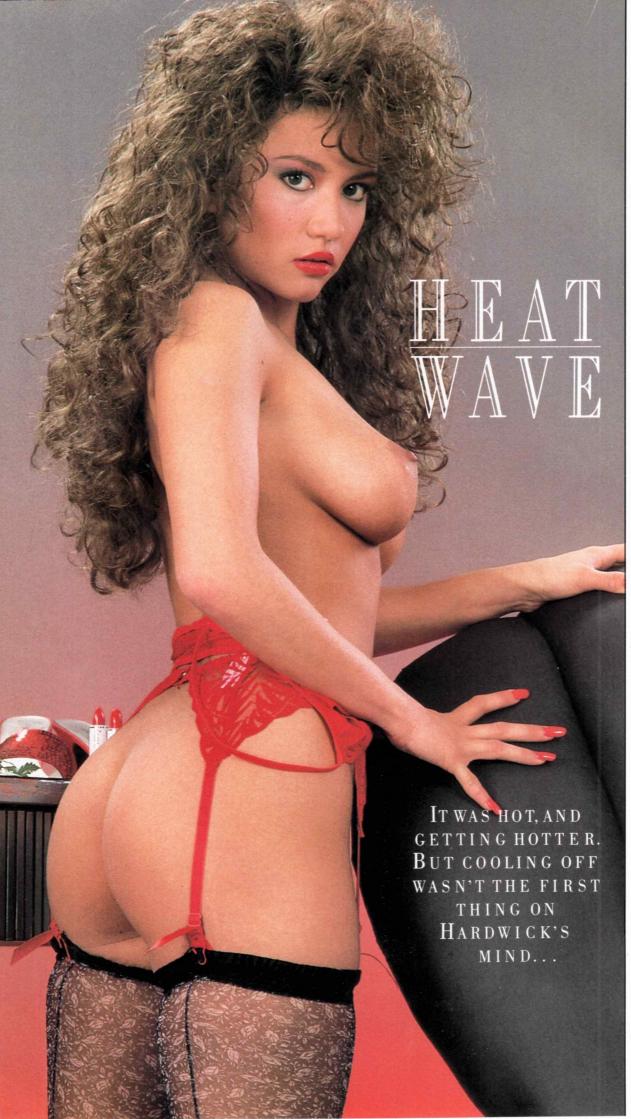




Lynette

Colors

Color



# FICTION

#### BY CARLTON **ANDREWS**

am sitting in my tiny office on the corner of Gray's Inn Road when in walks this creation in red. Red stockings, red hair, a red skirt that's so short it's almost a belt.

Her red eyes tell me she has better things to do at night than sleep.

"Hard-on?" she says. "The private dick?"
"Hardwick," I correct her.

"Anyway, Hard-up, whatever your name is . . . " She sits down purposefully across the small room. Hitching her skirt even higher, she crosses her legs. A glimpse of red suspenders, an impressive stretch of creamy thigh. "Listen, Halfon, the thing is . . . '

She breaks off suddenly and raises her arms in exasperation. As if in sympathy, her firm round breasts raise a little too. "Is it hot, or is it hot!" she exclaims angrily.

And then she is silent. Well, the lady is right. London is hot. This is one of those heat-blessed halcyon days of last summer. I don't know it yet but tomorrow is the other one. On the portable I keep in my office, newsteams have been following the heatwave all day.

"The thing is," she says from her chair, "it's Jerk-off that I wanted to see.'

"Jay Korroff, you mean? My partner?"

'Yeah, that's it: Jack-off, whatever . . . ''

Well, me too, I am thinking. The rent is due tomorrow, the Hardwick & Korroff P.I. company tube pass has run out, and the L.E.B. has taken to writing to us strictly in red. The first whiff of a missing heiress in lucrative Milton Keynes and Jay's gone AWOL faster than a Cortina in Peckham High Street. "I'm afraid Jay's out of town," I say.

'This much I know,' she mumbles sulkily. She straightens her suspenders as she speaks, running her slim fingers up her thighs.

'If you're Jay's client, maybe I can help you while he's away?" I venture.

"Listen," she says. Her big eyes look at me. Either something is under one of those luscious lids or else she is winking at me like she has been on heat for a week. Her boobs jiggle agonizingly as she speaks. "Jerk-off and I, we have a sort of Exchange of Services arrangement. You do understand, don't you?"

Oh, I understand all right. The dirty bastard!

"He handles your account?" I say.

"Yes, always."

"And you handle his."

"Well . . . "

"You fuck the ass off him, in other words."

"Basically, yes. Yes, you could put it that way." She smiles breathtakingly at me. Her nipples stand proudly against her thin blouse. Her thighs squirm quickly together in the vinyl seat of the chair. "He is a delicious screw, you know," she adds with a charming flick of her flame red hair.

Old Jay Korroff, the hypocrite! All his lectures on propriety! And all the while he's getting well into the groove with young Scarlett O'Hara here. No wonder he keeps his accounts secret.

I put on my professional voice. I light a cigarette and lean back in my chair. I shake my head. "I'm afraid, Miss..."

"Josephine. You can call me Josephine."

"I'm afraid I can't help you, Josephine. Your arrangement is with my partner, not myself. And anyway this is completely against our code of practice. I can't condone this sort of behaviour."

"But..." she says, "just this once...?" She looks at me with gorgeous heartbroken eyes. Her voice is suddenly a sex kitten purr.

"Good day, Miss... I mean, Good day, Josephine," I say, "I'm afraid you will have to leave now." I pray for the phone to ring so I can hasten her departure. Then I remember B.T. has cut us off last Wednesday and my heart sinks.

She slumps back in her chair and says, "Well, let me cool off for a minute before I go back out there." She nods at the window: the street is frying in the heat. "It's the least you can do."

Well, the lady has got a

point. It is hot.

I reach over to the bottle of soda water that I am keeping in the shade by my desk. I pour a glass for Josephine, thinking this will take the heat off her for a while.

Glancing up, I see that Josephine has other ideas.

A beautiful vision in red, she stands up and frees the last button on her blouse. She takes it off and her breasts shake loose. Her nipples are hard against her firm pale skin.

"That's better!" she says, and moves across the tiny office toward my desk. She wriggles her minute miniskirt deliciously down the length of her long, slender legs. She kicks off her shoes and steps out of the skirt.

I stare mesmerised at this stunning redhead in my office. She is wearing

nothing but her red satin panties, her matching red stockings and suspenders, and a smile that says she

has only one thing on her mind.

Well, maybe it's the heat, or maybe it is the way her pubes poke tantalisingly out the edge of her panties – tiny wisps of flame red hair. Either way, this is one private eye who is beginning to lose his resolve. And fast.

I stand up speechless – a private eye with his eye on her privates. She rests her tight satin-covered buttocks on the edge of my desk. "Josephine, this is highly irregular!" I splutter.

She studies her own delightful body in disbelief. She caresses her breasts, tweaking her nipples with her little fingers. "That's not what Mr Jerk-off says!" she exclaims.

I gaze captivated at her luscious body. By now there is no going back. To hell with the code of practice. I put on my professional voice again. "Maybe I can help you after all," I say. "Mr Korroff won't be back in town for some time yet."

"I just have to make the last payment today," she says, "it's for a little surveillance job Jerk-off did a while back on my exhusband. Do you think you

can help me?"

By this point I am crossing the room to flick the lock on the door. "I suppose I could," I say, "just this once."

She turns to hug me.
"Thank you, Mr Hard-on!
Thank you, you're so kind!"

Her hot body presses against mine. Her soft mound pushes into the growing bulge in my thin summer trousers. Then her full red lips find mine and she kisses me wildly.

Her tongue lingers on the corners of my mouth, and then she deep-throats me like she has developed a taste for my tonsils. We are just approaching a full tonsillectomy when her roving hands find my shirt buttons. She unfastens them swiftly. Without saying anything she peels my shirt

"I catch odd glimpses of her

hungrily around the twin bulges of my balls. She takes my balls one at a time into her mouth, her full soft lips caressing them in a minimassage that has me clenching my teeth.

I am twitching a tousled hair's breadth away from shooting my load. Josephine flicks her tongue rapidly back and forth across my balls. One of her hands digs its chiselled nails into the small of my back whilst the other hand yanks savagely on my cock. She wanks me furiously.

"Come now, Josephine!"
I moan, still trying to retain
my professional cool.

"Yes, now!" she retorts.
"Come now, Mr Hard-on!"

Her hand lets go of my cock and she moves her head up to let her mouth take over. She kisses my shaft tenderly, every inch

from the base to the throbbing head, then licks slowly around the glans until I'm gasping.

I catch her reflection in the window and get a momentary glimpse of her left hand down her panties, pumping furiously at her mound. "Come in my mouth!" she pants anxiously. "Please! I wanna taste it! Come in my mouth, Hard-up!"

Her lips close over the bulging head. She grips my aching shaft tight as she slides it in and out of her soft mouth. She sucks me frantically to a climax. Her vivid red hair flies loose, switching against my stomach as her head jerks up and down faster and faster on my rigid cock. She pounds my rod deeper and deeper into her mouth.

I can feel the urgent rhythm of her snatch thumping off the thick carpet as she crouches before me. In the window I see her reflection go into the throes of orgasm as her hand down her panties goes turbocharge.

She shudders like she is fucking on a fault line. She cries out wildly, looking for a second like she is serenading the tip of my dick. She grinds her satin-covered snatch one last breathless time into the carpet. And then, at last,

her hand is still.

She slides my bursting knob deep into her hot, wet mouth and I feel the ecstatic welling in my balls that means I can't hold out any longer. A couple of final dreamy strokes into Josephine's gorgeous mouth and her teeth are getting flossed like fluoride never came into fashion. Come explodes clear down her throat. With the final spasms it starts to dribble slowly from the corners of her mouth.

I withdraw and listen to the scintillating sound of Josephine swallowing noisily, gulping greedily on my come. She takes her little finger that has been down her snatch and scoops the dribbling come off her chin. Then she licks it carefully off her finger and with a smile says, "Mmmmm! That tastes sooooo nice! Hard-up, you taste wonderful!"

In my office the perspiration off the walls runs along the skirting boards and matts the pile in the carpet. Yesterday's cold coffee is coming swiftly to the boil on the drainer.

Josephine slips out of her underwear and crosses naked to my desk. She moves the telephone aside and lies back on the green baize top. "I'm just gonna let that go down, Hard-on," she murmurs. "Mmmm . . . that was nice!"

I switch off the T.V. and take a swig at Josephine's untouched soda.

"And then we'll have dessert!" she says from the desk top. Her legs part as she speaks and I glimpse the flame red mound that leads to her dripping pussy. I feel those first unmistakeable stirrings in my groin.

Josephine groans and her head twitches on the desk top as her legs spread wide before me. She likes it.

Before we get down to business, though, there's something I have to do. I take my fountain pen out of the desk tidy and pull across the receipt book. I scribble Josephine out a receipt for old Korroff's services rendered.

Josephine takes the receipt with a knowing wink as I guide my throbbing cock toward her snatch. She smiles as she reads it.

I mark the receipt the only way I can: PAID IN FULL.

behind reflected in the window as she goes to work on my donger."

from my back.

Josephine's long red nails scrape tortuously down my spine and she bites into my neck like she hasn't eaten for a month. I succumb readily as her hot tongue lingers on my skin.

Going down on to her stockinged knees Josephine unbuttons my trousers expertly. She caresses the bulge that is bursting through my pants. "Oh, Mr Harddick!" she says. "Now I see why they call you that! Mmmmm!"

In a second she has my trousers and my underwear off me. I catch odd glimpses of her behind reflected in the window as she goes to work on my delighted donger. She crouches close to the thick carpet. Her tight satin panties are drawn up into the cleft of her buttocks and she squirms her pussy nearer and nearer to the carpet as she goes down on me.

She runs her tongue slowly along the length of my shaft, from the twitching tip to the base, stroking my balls at the same time. Her tousled red head nuzzles in deep between my legs and I let out an involuntary groan as her languid tongue licks its way







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five or six blokes with me. There's no point getting back to nature if you can't do what comes naturally, is there?'' &









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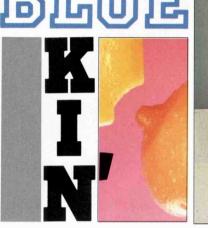
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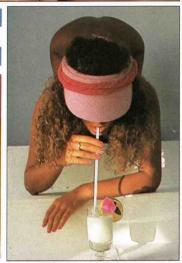
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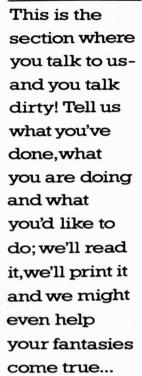
# TA A BLUE











## Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

#### JACKING IT UP

'm not the sort of person who'd normally be writing to a magazine like Club – I never thought I'd have anything to confess. But last week I had to take my car into the local garage to be repaired, and my little Mini wasn't the only thing to get jacked up that day.

The engine had been playing up for weeks, and when I was explaining this to the mechanic he seemed very helpful. No wonder, because he could barely take his eyes off my boobs. He said that if I wanted to wait he'd get someone working on it right away, and then he'd started working on me.

I could hardly believe my ears. This gorgeous hunk was standing in front of me flexing his biceps and telling me he wanted to give me a good going over! I don't know what came over me but I found myself grinning back at him and saying that we'd better get down to business because I hadn't got all afternoon.

Without another word he got one of the junior mechanics to deal with my car, and proceeded to deal with me in a most satisfactory manner. He took

me into an office at the back of the garage and quickly stripped off all my clothes, telling me what a great body I had and exactly what he was going to do to it. By the time he threw my damp panties on to the floor I could hardly wait for it.

He took off his overalls

and I was surprised to find that he had nothing but a minute pair of briefs on under them. His knob end was sticking well up out of the top of them, and I bent down to pull them off, leaving that lovely cock to spring up right in my face. Of course, I had to suck it then. Soon I was rewarded with a gob of creamy spunk at the back of my throat, which I swallowed down as if I hadn't eaten for weeks.



He then decided it was time my pussy got a good seeing-to and he proceeded to give me the best head I'd ever experienced. I ground my cunt into his face as he snaked his tongue up my love tunnel again and again, making me come several times.

By the time he pulled me on to the floor and positioned me on top of his still rigid cock, I was more than ready. His long tool slid into me fully at the first thrust and soon I was bucking around on top of him like a wild thing as he shafted me expertly. Several orgasms later I felt him shoot his load in my cunt and I collapsed exhausted on the floor.

By the time I'd recovered my car was ready; I think I must be that garage's most satisfied customer ever, but I'm desperately hoping my Mini breaks down again very soon. – Susan, Barnes

### KISSING THE PINK

want to tell you about something which I did a couple of months ago which I feel deeply ashamed of. Ashamed, but at the same time it turns me on every time I relive the episode in my mind.

I'd gone down to our local with my best friend Sandy, and we were determined to score. Neither of us had had sex for a couple of months so we were gasping. There was a snooker tournament going on at the pub that night, and we thought it would be a great opportunity for us to chat up some likely lads and maybe get lucky.

And we were right. A whole crowd of blokes from a rival pub team had turned up, and amongst them were a couple that Sandy and I really fancied. We just sat there with our lagers, gossiping and eyeing up any of them who walked past our table. The contest was nearly over by the time we'd arrived, so afterwards everyone downed their cues and set about getting violently drunk.

After a few pints Sandy and I were getting dead loud and giggly and attracting a lot of attention from the lads in the snooker room. We'd hitched up our mini skirts as high as they would go; mine was right above the top of my stockings so that my tiny knickers could be clearly seen. I was getting really turned on by the thought that so many lads had a good view up into my crotch - I could feel my knickers getting damp and wondered if any of them could see.

I could hardly believe my luck when the guy I'd been particularly eyeing up came over with two pints of lager in his hands and just started chatting me up. Sandy quickly got the hint and went off to the ladies', leaving me alone with him – or as alone as we could possibly be with a whole load of his mates watching the proceedings with great interest.

"You've got a great pair of legs, Carrots," he said, handing me a drink. I hate being called Carrots just because of the colour of my hair. I looked away in annoyance and he immediately apologised, sensing he might have ruined his chances. I was just playing hard to get but he was a bit slow to cotton on.

He tried again. "Love those stockings," he said. "But I'd like even more to see what's underneath them."

"Not much chance of that till you buy me something a bit better than lager," I replied.

Before I knew it, he'd gone to the bar and come back with a huge, frothy cocktail. God knows what was in it but it was bloody strong. As I took a good gulp of it, I looked across and saw Sandy winking at me while she was getting chatted up by a huge crowd of blokes. I gulped at the cocktail again and realised that I was feeling really pissed.

The bloke, Dave, was looking pleased with himself. He obviously thought he'd got this score sewn up. And as I drunkenly grabbed his snooker cue from under the table and started rubbing it suggestively, he knew he had. I finished my cocktail and he bought me another, sitting down much closer to me this time and sliding his hand up under the edge of my mini skirt, and up to the edge of my panties. I could feel that they were very wet by now and he knew it too, because he grabbed me and kissed me hard, rubbing his other hand over my tits as he lay practically on top of me.

All his mates must have been watching, but I was so drunk I really didn't notice as he pushed me right into the corner and straddled me with one leg, getting his hand right into my knickers and probing my slit with a finger. I was feeling so randy by now I didn't care who saw us, and I reached under my bum to pull off my panties and stuffed them into my pocket.

I could feel the hard ridge of Dave's prick pressing into

my stomach. "You're going to come and mess all inside your trousers if you're not careful," I grinned.

Dave placed my hand on his rigid rod and I groped it through his jeans. "Why don't we do something about it then?" he said. I could hardly stand up, my cunt was so hot with lust for him. The crowd in the snooker room had thinned out a bit by now, and there were just a few couples necking in the corners. "Just time for a quickie before last orders," I said, standing up and walking purposefully towards the snooker table.

Suddenly I was well in control of the situation, and I was going to keep things that way. "I've always wanted to be fucked on a snooker table," I told Dave as I mounted the green baize top and spread my legs wide, showing him my juicy quim. I fingered myself slowly as he unzipped his jeans and pulled them down, followed by his underpants. His prick was bobbing up and down as if it had a life of its own, but I wanted something else first.

"Lick me out," I demanded, pulling his head down to my hot hole. Dave looked at my ginger pubes for a moment, fascinated. "Never seen a natural redhead before?" I asked, dying for him to get on with things.

"No, it's just that I've always wanted to part the red sea!" he quipped, running his tongue up and down my sticky slit. I leant back in ecstasy, fondling my nipples as Dave found my clitty and set about it vigorously. I'd had my doubts that he'd even know what one was, let alone how to find mine, but he seemed to be managing pretty well.

A couple of orgasms later, I realised that poor old Dave's prick was practically dropping off with lust. I decided to tease him a bit, as I could see he was getting desperate to come, so I picked up the piece of cue chalk from the edge of the table and rubbed it gently over the end of his swelling prick, spreading all the precome round his knob.

That was it for Dave. He climbed on to the table and turned me over, so that my bum was facing him. Then with one swift thrust he was



inside me completely, my eager pussy swallowing his whole length. He shagged me hard and fast before shooting his load into me. We were both panting and moaning a hell of a lot, so it was only after we'd both come that the cheers of the watching crowd of his friends from the snooker team really sunk in! He'd really potted the black.

Even though I was really pissed I couldn't help feeling embarrassed, but the shag I'd just had was well worth it. Now Dave and I fuck on a regular basis, but as you can imagine we've not been back to that pub again, nor has he played in any more snooker tournaments. Who knows what could happen though? – *Penny*, *Sunderland* 



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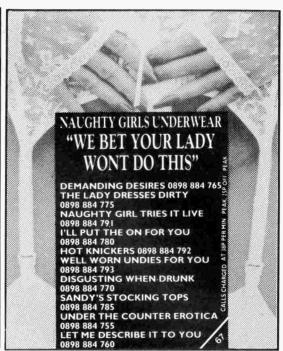




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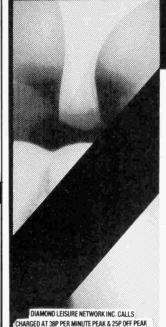
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## On The Job

A cut and a blow job

recently started working in quite a posh hairdressing salon near where I live. I'm training to be a top stylist, and eventually want to have my own salon, but until I've got the experience I need I'll be just sweeping floors and washing hair. And probably screwing my boss too.

Perhaps I should explain what I mean. The affair with my boss, Lynn, started pretty soon after I started working there. I think Lynn gave me the job because she fancied me. I certainly fancied her right from the start. Normally I'm quite up front about the fact that I enjoy sleeping with women as much as with men, but I didn't dare be too obvious when I first started work because I wasn't sure which way Lynn went, if you know what I mean, and I certainly didn't want to risk

Lynn later told me that it was my looks that had her creaming her panties for me even at my interview. I suppose I could be described as pretty good looking – certainly I've never had any complaints in that department! I keep my blonde hair short, and my blonde pussy gets the same treatment. My legs are long and my tits aren't too big, but

they're firm with small nipples that always seem to be hard.

And I must admit that Lynn has just the sort of looks that I've always gone for. She's got longish, curly, auburn hair and looks just like she's walked right out of a beauty catalogue. But I didn't waste my time wondering why she wasn't interested in men – I just thanked my lucky stars she was interested in me!

It didn't take long for our affair to get started either. I knew it was just a matter of time till Lynn made a move but I was surprised that she did it so quickly. One night, after I'd been there about ten days, I was clearing up after the last customer and Lynn was sorting out the day's takings. I could feel her watching me, staring at my legs as I bent over to sweep up, looking at the way my nipples were hardening under her scrutiny. I could hear the rest of the staff leaving so I deliberately took longer than I had to with my jobs, hoping that Lynn would make a

Eventually she went to lock up the front entrance, as we usually left the back way. I was putting away all the hand driers when I felt her come up behind me. She'd obviously been waiting for the moment too. I turned round and grinned at her, and she stepped forward and pulled me to her and started kissing me, really hard. It was what we'd both been wanting for so long that I knew we weren't going to be able to control ourselves.

I was wearing a very short skirt and she soon had her hand up between my legs, kneading my pussy through my lacy knickers. I was already wet and hot, and I wriggled against her fingers so that she knew I wanted her to finger my cunt. When she slipped her hand inside my panties and started stroking my fanny expertly, I knew I wasn't far off coming already.

"God," she said as she pushed me backwards on to one of the salon chairs, "I've wanted to get my hand on your fanny for days!" I was more interested in the sensations that were going through my fanny at the time

as Lynn found my clitty with her nail and stroked it. I opened my legs wider and held them as Lynn knelt on the floor and started to lick my cunt, still working her fingernail over my clitty as she did so. Her tongue was spreading all my wetness round my lips and I squirmed in the chair as I had my first climax.

"Now it's your turn to make me come," Lynn told me, getting up from the floor and waiting for me to get up too. When she sprawled in the chair and showed me her cunt, I couldn't believe my luck. She had a lovely long slit and she was soaking wet.

As I rolled down the top of her dress she started to frig herself, moaning a little as I stroked her boobs, twirling the nipples round between my forefinger and thumb. Lynn pulled my head down to one of them as I straddled her.

"Suck it, suck my tit," she groaned. I took one of her

nipples into my mouth and began to suck and nibble on it, licking all round her tits, first one and then the other. Lynn was frigging herself madly now, jerking her hips up and down as I leant over her. She wrapped her legs round my waist and pulled me right on top of her.

"I want you to frig me off, Beverley," she told me, and guided my hand down to her fanny. I pulled off her knickers and threw them on to the floor, then occupied myself bringing her off while I was busying myself with her tits. She had a great suntan – I've always liked tanned women.

As I brought her to a quick succession of orgasms she started telling me how long she'd fancied me, how she'd wanted to leap on me the first day at my interview, and how she didn't dare make a move till she'd worked out whether or not I'd be interested.

"Of course I'd be interested in a gorgeous woman like you!" I told her as I got up from on top of her. "I've always liked blokes and girls, you see." As I stood above her she pulled me towards her and ran her fingers through my bush as she probed my wet lips again. She really was expert at giving head, as her tongue lashed against my clitty, rubbing the hard little button till it was sticking out, licking all round my love lips and making me wetter than ever. Soon I felt an almighty orgasm ripping through me. It took me more than a few minutes to recover, I can tell

To be honest, when we were both getting dressed I was a bit embarrassed about my behaviour. It was a long time since I'd let myself go like that and I could hardly bring myself to look Lynn in the eye as we were leaving the salon.

"Don't be embarrassed, Beverley," Lynn told me as we walked to her car. "I don't do that sort of thing too often myself!"

I knew then that our next session would be even better.

As it happened, we didn't get another chance to really be alone together until a couple of days later. Until then, it was really hard trying to hide our feelings from the other staff. I don't think they knew that Lynn was a lesbian





and they certainly weren't going to find out about me. But every time our hands just brushed together or we passed each other in the corridor I could feel the tension building up between Lynn and me, and I knew she felt the same.

Finally I seized my chance and deliberately stayed late, supposedly to clean up again. I think Lynn had been waiting for me to make some kind of move because as soon as she saw I was staying she locked up the salon and hustled me into the back office. We could barely get our clothes off quickly enough before we had our hands at each other's cunt, frigging each other off madly. I was sitting on Lynn's desk with my legs wrapped firmly round her waist, jerking myself up and down on her probing fingers as I fondled my tits wildly. Lynn was getting very excited just from fingering me, so I started to knead and rub her lovely tits as I felt myself coming.

Lynn was grinding her pussy against my mound, rubbing our pubes together as she got towards her own climax. "Finger me," she panted. "Finish me off with your fingers." I could hardly have got my hand down there

fast enough, before Lynn was straining and moaning that she was coming. Her hips bucked wildly against me as she did, which got me all turned on again.

"Lie right back on the desk," Lynn murmured, and she got on top of me in the 69 position when I did so. Her pussy was right above my face and I couldn't wait to get my tongue into it and taste her love juices. I parted her lips with my fingers and thrust my tongue into her hot fanny, licking all round the edge of her hole before I put it all the way in. She was teasing my pussy by now, using tongue and fingers to spread my wetness all round my cunt. I just closed my eves and let myself give in to the wonderful head she was giving me, with harder and harder thrusts from her tongue. My own tongue seemed to be on some kind of automatic pilot by now, as I carried on lashing her clit and love hole.

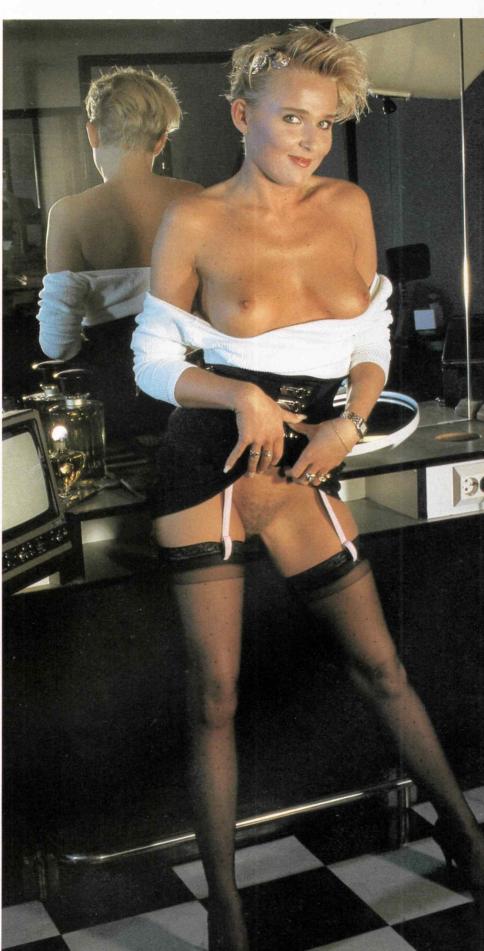
We both came together that time, and just lay back on the desk totally knackered afterwards. My juices were trickling out of my fanny and Lynn's were smeared all round the tops of her thighs as we lay there recovering our breath. Lynn turned and smiled at me.

"We'd best get cleaned up," she said, getting down from the desk and picking up our clothes. "And I've got a great idea how to do it!" I couldn't think what she meant so I followed her back into the salon. The sight of

her bare bum swaying in front of me was enough to get my cunt tingling again, but I still couldn't work out what Lynn was up to.

"Sit in that chair and close your eyes," she told me. "And then open your legs." I did that, and suddenly I felt the most incredible warm rush of air on my cunt. I opened my eyes wide in surprise and found that Lynn was brandishing one of the salon's hand driers like some kind of giant dildo, holding it









right above my cunt to dry my juices off! It was a brilliant feeling, lying back feeling my pussy being warmed by the powerful jets of air. I could feel her moving the drier closer and closer to my fanny when suddenly she switched it to the cold air switch and I gasped and shivered at the feeling that went right through my cunt. Still using the cold air switch, Lynn started to rub my cunt lips with the drier, making me squirm at the sensation. I just came then and there, I couldn't help myself - and I was screaming and panting with my orgasm into the bargain.

My legs were like jelly after that; I'd never felt anything like it. I opened my eyes to find Lynn standing in front of me, fingering herself slowly and sensuously. "My turn now, I think," she whispered.

I stood up and grabbed the drier from her while she

positioned herself in the chair, lifting her legs on to the arms so that she could spread her legs really wide, leaving her wet slit gaping open as I switched on the drier. I did the same for her as she'd done for me, changing the drier from hot to cold and back again. Lynn arched her back in the chair and groaned, fingering herself from time to time as she had several mini orgasms, building up to a huge climax that had her practically screaming the salon down. I'm surprised she didn't break all the mirrors in the place.

After that there was no stopping us – it was no holds barred. We stayed at the salon till well after midnight, and I must admit that we got up to all kinds of things I'd never even dreamed about. Lynn made me look like an absolute novice in the fuck stakes. And I'd never realised what sexy places hairdressing salons were till Lynn taught



me a few things! There were so many things in there that we used on each other that I couldn't mention them all; all those lotions and creams and tools to be thrust into cunts. I could hardly believe it. One of the best was when Lynn sensuously combed out my pubes, teasing my fanny with a long-stemmed comb till I was almost begging for her to lick me out. I'd never had a night like it.

That was a month ago, and now Lynn and I regularly stay after work for an almighty fucking session. It's getting harder every day to hide our relationship from the other girls at the salon as we can barely keep our hands off each other. Perhaps they've guessed. During the day we have to make do with a quick grope in the toilets - but after hours we can really let ourselves go. I can't tell anyone about our affair, so I just had to share it with Club readers. - Beverley, Manchester









#### DIAMOND LEISURE CLASSIFIED

#### PERSONAL

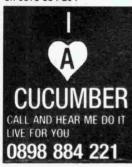
THE NAUGHTY ONES and how to get them direct ... full details on 0898 884 200 SECRET SOLICITATIONS over the phone rude but discreet 0898 884 201

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KINKY DESIRES wishes to act them out with you ...call me on 0898 884 204



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MYSTERY NYMPHO on your line direct... a naughty girl who gets off by talking dirty 0898 884 206

**GROANING GLENDA** for your personal pleasure....let me groan out loud for you 0898 884 207

**DIRECT ENQUIRIES** of the personal kind...let me tell you my intimate desires 0898 884

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I'VE BEEN NAUGHTY and my husband says I must excite men for my punishment so call me please and I'll do as i'm told ..24 hrs available now... 0898 884 213

HUSBAND DARED ME to talk naughty so call me and see just how good I

am 0898 884 214 HI, I'M FI THE FISHMON-GERS WIFE I've two soles, 2 heels and a very wet place..call me live 0898 884 215

PENNYS PERVERSIONS the ultimate in dirty dialling desires hear them as I tell you in full explicit detail 0898 884 216 LINDY QUEEN of kinks tell you all 0898 884 217

LOUISE..I WANTED TO | I GOT HELPLESSLY GRO- | WICKED WIFE has tales of SEE IF I could talk naughty and turn men on..hear what I said 0898 884 218

NYMPHO NANNETTES naughty talk..person to person 0898 884 219

CALL ME... I'm nervous about talking to you but I'm told I'm very good at turning you on 0898 884 220

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884 222 and get yours
ME AND MY TOYS will perform for you dial a dildo and see what I can do with it 0898 884 223

#### FRUSTRATED

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DOMINANT BUT FRUS-TRATED lady says "let me use you" call and be of service to my disgusting desires 0898 884 225 I NEED IT between the legs now...damp, desperate and dis-

gusting young lady wants you now for phone sex 0898 884 226 BE TEASED TO ERECTION by Erica the Swedish sex machine

direct on 0898 884 227 YOUNG PROFESSIONAL LADY into silk knickers reguires men to call and hear my requests...ultimate pleasure to the right caller 0898 884 228

WILDLY PASSIONATE WOMAN needs well endowed men to tame her ...anything considered and performed 0898 884 229

LONDONS FAMOUS 'transport teaser' hear it direct from the girl whos been flashing all to the public and where to see her 0898 884 230

DESPERATE DIANA ..call me.. I'm now doing it on my car gear stick.... real male substitute required 0898 884 231

THE DUTCHESS WANTS to be disgusting in diamonds.... tired of being the lady and want to be the whore w/e males to take me to the ultimate 0898 884 232 YUPPIE NYMPHO into champagne sex wants to 'pop your cork' call me now 0898 884 233

#### MENONLY

LUSTY LADY WANTS to play strip roulette with you call her on 0898 884 234 and see who

gets naked first
PSSST. LET ME TELL YOU what I did to my maid..... lesbian lady makes maid perform indecent acts for her.... hear what 0898 884 235

ANIMAL LUST you wouldn't believe it 0898 884 236

LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT WENT between my legs perhaps next time it could be you... 0898 884 237 YOUNG LADY TELLS OF

HER FIRST lesbian experience you could say 'forced and fingered' hear just what happened 0898 884 238

DRESSED UP DIRTY and nowhere to go... why not come to me... dial 0898 884 239 and we'll do it together

PED was it you, call me and find out.. I'll tell you all that happened (XXX adults only) 0898 884 240

TEASING TEACHER | remember the naughty things we did.... call and we can tell you more... 0898 884 241

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0898 884 234 AND SEE WHO GETS NAKED FIRST

**MY HUSBANDS MADE ME** pull my panties down and I've got to you while he plays with me I'm ready are you? 0898 884 242

ORAL EXPERIENCE the thrill of the throat expertly delivered over the phone 0898 884 243

LAY STILL I want to sit on it. relax and I'll do the work 0898 884 244

NICE AND STIFF can you help.... housewife with impotent husband in need.... call and I'll come 0898 884 245

#### PERSONAL

LET ME MAKE IT GROW FOR YOU the telephone tart. is just for you live on 0898 884

TINAS TOTAL TEMPTA-TION LINE, the best is yet to 0898 884 247

DIRTY WEEKEND ..... Hi, my name's Debbie and I'm looking for a partner to join me, call 0898 884 248 for full details

COLLEGE GIRL .... in desperate need of full release between studies 0898 884 249

CALL ME AND BE MINE lady in need requires useable males for her personal pleasure.... 0898 884 250

FANNY'S LIPS ... full of damp desire, get her live on 0898 884 251

I'LL PULL MY SKIRT UP FOR YOU ..... lady who gets her thrills showing her panties and how wet they are..... 0898

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MARRIAGE GUIDANCE FOR SUBMISSIVE HUS-BANDS hear what get and how they get it 0898 884 254

A MANS WORK IS NEVER DONE especially when my mistress is telling me what to do... call and find out my penances and life of oppression.... 0898 884

I'M NERVOUS ABOUT TALKING TO YOU BUT I'M TOLD I'M VERY GOOD AT

**TURNING YOU ON** 0898 884 220 submissive husband.... hear the things I make him do for me.... 0898 884 256

MY MALE MAID ... housework and pleasures on demand available to any woman in need of either....call and hear how good .. 0898 884 257 he is

TASTE ME ...lady who's never had the pleasure of oral erotica requires man who'll please her with tongue times.... 0898 884 258

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DEEP THROATED JOY ....the pleasures of the palate, your own personal suck sensation.....0898 884 260

DEMANDING EXTRA'S ....submissive masseuse who just can't say no to those naughty

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I ALWAYS LICK MY LIPS after a large mouthfull, call me and make me lick them again....0898 884 262

I NEED A BIG ONE ...can you help?? call me now on 0898 884 263

I'M TURNED ON and need you to call me, so I can finish myself off with you....0898 884

SHY LADY NEEDS EN-COURAGING into the ways of sexual ecstasy, please call and instruct me.... 0898 884 265

**INSTIABLE INGRID** Dutch and disgusting (XXX adults only) ...0898 884 268

SUBMISSIVE GIRL I'm for you to use just as you want me anytime live on 0898 884 269

TOUCH OF TRUN-CHEON ....lady servant for masterful male, will oblige and command.... 0898 884 270

#### ADULTS ONLY

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LET ME MILK YOU I want gallons of your lovely cream all over me, call and let me have it please, on 0898 884 272

A SUCK FOR A STING I'II bend over for you now... 0898

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WET T SHIRT COMPETI-TION and how they win ..... 0898 884 274

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MY AMPLE ASSETS are yours to hold, call for bonanza of busty beauties on 0898 884 276 40+ DESIRES ...life begins at 40 and i'm talking inches not years, call me, I'm a big girl on 0898 884 277

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SLIP BETWEEN MY BOOBS while I hold them together for you, a full tit tucking experience....0898 884 279

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READY, WILLING

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WHAT I DO WITH A BANANA when I'm lonely and lusty, call and find out....0898

COME IN MY KNICKERS and I'll wear them for you. call me now on 0898 884 285

I LOVE MEN WHO TALK DIRTY to me, how about you? ....call me now on 0898 884 286 IT'S LEATHER AND STIL-LETTO TIME for me, how

about you? ....call me now on 0898 884 287 PHONE A GROAN the best in erotic groans of pleasure

0898 884 288 0898 884 292

0898 884 289 0898 884 291 0898 884 290

(XXX) adults only. all calls at diallers own risk

PERVERTED POLLY tells all to you of her naughty ways .... 0898 884 294

LESBIAN LESLEY let's it go.... a gay experience never to be forgotten, call and hear it live on 0898 884 294

OBSCENE SUGGES-TIONS from Jackie, can you handle what I have to say to you 0898 884 295

WET KNICKERED SALLY needs making even wetter, call me, I'm on 0898 884 296 and maybe you can help

TANYAWANTSTOTAKE IT all so give it to me now on 0898 884 297 and make it hard.

#### IICE AND STIFF

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I LIKE MEN WHO DO AS THEY ARE TOLD so only call me if you're a well mannered boy on 0898 884 298

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# Couples Confess

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he Couples
Confess section of
Club has always
been my favourite
since it started; it never fails
to give me a thumping great
hard-on reading all the randy
antics of other readers like
myself who enjoy group sex.
I thought it would be fun to
read my own story in the
magazine.

My girlfriend and I met through a contact magazine for people who enjoy group sex; I've been into it since I was in my early twenties, and my antics have got more and more varied and filthy since I first got into it. Anyway, I decided to take my girlfriend, Jill, away for a weekend – but it would have to be a weekend with a difference for a sex-hungry girl like her.

"Where are we going?" she asked me as we packed our cases.

"It's a surprise," I replied.
"But just make sure that you pack all your favourite sexy clothes and some of those sex aids you've been buying from that catalogue." I could feel a bulge in my trousers as I watched Jill packing all her fetish clothes, like her all-inone fishnet bodystocking with the holes that showed off her boobs and cunt, and the tight leather thong that she often wears under her street clothes.

All they way down to the hotel, which was a 200-mile drive from where we live, Jill was pestering me to tell her where we were going, but I refused to spoil the surprise. I knew that when she did eventually find out where we were headed she'd cream her knickers, and I wanted to be able to do something about it when she did that!

Eventually I stopped the car at the hotel, which was an old manor house which had been converted by the owners, who would invite friends and contacts down for weekends. I'd been there before, a couple of years ago, and I knew that there, anything goes so far as sex is concerned. The owners, Val

and Jon, are heavily into group and experimental sex, and started the hotel so they could get to fuck as many different people as possible. They do a roaring trade, needless to say.

Jill didn't twig what was different about the hotel until Val came to the door to greet us wearing nothing but a pair of crotchless red panties and matching half cup bra. She'd obviously been playing with herself as her nipples were sticking out like organ stops and her panties were looking pretty moist.

Jill turned to me, looking very pleased. "I should've known you'd think of something like this, Dick," she grinned, turning round to rub my hard-on in front of Val. I was so turned on at the thought of what was coming that weekend I thought my cock would explode. Val noticed too.

"I hope I'll be getting some of that this weekend, Dick," she said to me.

Thinking of the feel of Val's hot fanny the last time I'd shafted her, I could hardly wait; but I was curious to see who else was there for the weekend with us. I asked Jon, who had just come to join us at the door.

"I think you'll know a

few," he told me. I could tell that he fancied Jill right away, and she was eyeing him up too. The thought of her getting fucked by his long, thin cock was almost too much for me.

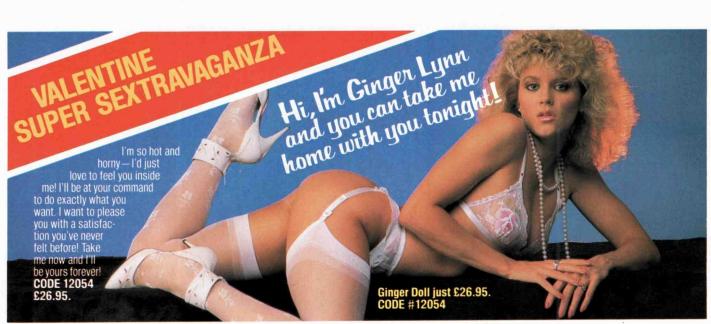
Jon showed us to our room and we spent a pleasurable hour unpacking and having a quick 69 before dinner. I was just shooting my second load over Jill's beautiful big boobs when we heard the dinner gong go. I knew it would be a meal with a difference so I wasn't worried when Jill started to panic that she wasn't even dressed yet.

"That doesn't matter," I told her as she wiped my spunk from her cleavage.
"Just put that leather thong on and that's all you'll need." I put on my tight black pouch that moulded the shape of my cock and balls so clearly I might as well not have been wearing anything.

When we walked into the dining room Jill gasped. Everyone in there, about five other couples, was wearing some kind of fetish or bondage gear and it was an incredibly horny sight. I recognised several of the others from my previous visit, but there were also some new faces who I was keen to experiment with. There was one girl in particular who almost made my cock rip the material of my pouch, I got such a hardon. She was totally naked and was sitting spreadeagled in an armchair in the corner, casually pushing a couple of those Chinese love eggs into her wet, swollen cunt. What a







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horny sight she made.

The dinner we had was just designed to get all of us feeling as randy as possible, and to help things along Jon had made some of his secret recipe home-made wine; I'd had it before and it's the most potent stuff I've ever tasted. A couple of glasses of that and no one in the room had any inhibitions left. After the food had been finished the fun would really start.

I'd been sitting next to the girl with the love eggs, whose name turned out to be Karen, and she'd been touching me up the whole time. She'd got out my cock and was wanking me off under the table, pulling my hood up and down vigorously just the way I like it. She was rubbing my balls with the other hand, which she'd dipped in some of Jon's wine, and the feeling was tremendous. I couldn't hold back and shot my spunk in a long stream up on to my stomach.

Karen turned to me and said, "Mustn't waste all that lovely come, Dick," before she bent down and started to gobble it up greedily. She then started on my cock with her mouth, which soon coaxed another hard-on out of me. While she was sucking me off I began to watch what the others were up to.

Jill was really in her element. I'd been right when I'd thought that Jon fancied her, because she was kneeling on all fours on top of the dining table while he was kneeling behind her and shoving his long cock into her hungry pussy. I could see the muscles of her cunt contract every time he thrust back into her. She was working at her clitty with her fingers as he fucked her, and then Val came round to the front and pulled off the bra she'd been wearing.

"Suck my tits," she told Jill, who immediately took one into her mouth and began licking and sucking at it, pulling at Val's nipple with her teeth. Then she did the same with the other boob. Val was in ecstasy, and trembled as Jill's expert teeth worked away. I knew Jill had done that before but I'd never actually watched her do it and I could feel the come rising in my balls at the horny sight.

Jon was about to come as his bum was going to and fro, faster and faster. Suddenly he yelled, "Oh, Christ, this is it," and unloaded his spunk into my girlfriend's wet snatch. Jill stiffened as she felt him come, and I knew that she wasn't far off her climax either. I saw her coming just as Karen sucked me to my own. This time I didn't shoot much come, but Karen greedily swallowed everything I'd got.

"I mustn't be greedy – got to circulate!" Karen told me as she got up and moved over to where another couple were busily screwing away. "See you later, Dick!"

I certainly hoped that I would, but there were other equally horny women in the room who I wanted to try out. I went over to a petite brunette with a luscious bum, who was looking a bit lost. I

was right when I assumed this was her first orgy.

"I'm not quite sure what to do – I feel a bit shy," she confessed to me.

"There's no need for that," I replied. What better way for her to lose her inhibitions than for me to shag the arse off her? With that, I dropped to the

floor, pulling off the leather mini which was the only thing she was wearing. Apart from that luscious bum, she had a great body, with small, high boobs, big pink nipples and best of all, a completely shaved pussy. The contrast between that and Jill's hairy growth was fantastic as I licked at her clitty and poked her cunt with a couple of fingers.

Evelyn (I found out her name later) was soon moaning as she came a couple of times, and I felt pleased that she'd loosened up a bit. In fact, she was well into it now, and pushed me on to my back as she knelt astride me. My cock was









rigid now again, sticking up into the air in anticipation of what was coming. I watched as Evelyn rose above me and started to brush her wet pussy lips along the length of my cock, so that it was covered with her love cream. She carried on doing that as she leant over to kiss me hard.

The feeling of her soft cunt lips rubbing my hot dick was sending me wild. I had to tell her just what I wanted.

"Sit on my cock," I told her, "and ride me hard." She didn't need to be told twice and thrust down hard on to my cock, moving her pelvis up and down. I caressed her boobs as she jerked her pussy on my cock, and I could feel my orgasm building. What a feeling it was, letting loose my spunk into that lovely shaved pussy; and it was even better because almost straight away she came again, moaning and panting."

I opened my eyes and saw that someone else had enjoyed our fuck as much as we had. Val was standing next to me, leaning against the wall for support as she penetrated her fanny with an enormous cream-coloured dildo. It was the largest I'd ever seen, and I don't know how she managed to get the whole length of it into her cunt, but she did.

"Let me give you a hand with that," I said to her, getting up and taking the dildo from her. She leaned against the wall and opened her legs as wide as she could. She had a very roomy cunt, and was writhing on the end of the enormous dildo as I pushed it into her again and again, slow thrusts at first but then getting faster and faster. She was really going mad, screaming and crying out all kinds of filth as the false cock stretched her pussy to its limit. I wished that I could have got another stiffy to shag her with myself, but I knew it was impossible after I'd just fucked Evelyn.

The whole room was filled with the sound and smell of fucking now. As Val was still occupied wriggling on the end of the dildo I was holding I looked round to see what everyone else was up

to. I couldn't see Jill at first, but then I spotted her. What a sight!

She was still on the dining table, but now she was on her back, lying there with her mouth wide open as two blokes, one a guy I recognised from my last visit called Derek, and the other a newcomer, literally poured their come over her face. I could see that she was

swallowing as much as she could, but there seemed to be torrents of the sticky white stuff, and some of it was going into her hair and on her face. I knew she must be enjoying that because she loves the taste of spunk.

Then I watched the bloke who was occupying himself with her obliging cunt. I didn't recognise him but Jill seemed to be getting to know him pretty well. He'd buried his face in her hairy mound and was frantically licking her out for all he was worth. She was pushing her hips up and arching her back right off the table as his tongue probed her soaking slit.

"Faster, you bastard, faster!" she yelled as he gripped her hips to get his tongue in deeper. "Oh, I'm going to come!" I could see the guy's cock bobbing up and down like some kind of mad puppet as he stood by the table, and sure enough he let out a huge wad of come on to the table cloth the very next second.

I watched, fascinated, as Jill gripped the cloth with the strength of her orgasm. Plates started falling off the table followed by the remains of our dinner. I had to laugh, but Jill didn't even notice. Her orgasm seemed to be lasting for ages, until she sank back on to the table, exhausted.

The rest of the night is just a blur of fucking for me. I had all the women in the room, including a mind-blowing screw with Val, whose cunt just eagerly took anything my cock wanted to give it. I can't remember ever enjoying myself so much, though my cock was extremely sore the next day.

Jill enjoyed herself too. She got fucked so many times that night that she couldn't even walk the next day and had to spend the whole time in bed. Not that that was too much of a hardship - and she did have a lot of visitors! At the end of the night, she and Val treated us all to the hottest lesbian show we'd seen, and she's been back down to the hotel to see Val on her own since then. But I'm not worried about that, because I know she'll always be back for more of my cock.

And anyway, that's the idea of good group sex – share and share alike! – *Dick D. Saddleworth* 







## Siobhann Photographs by John Copeland





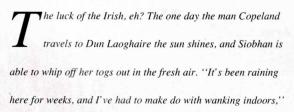




























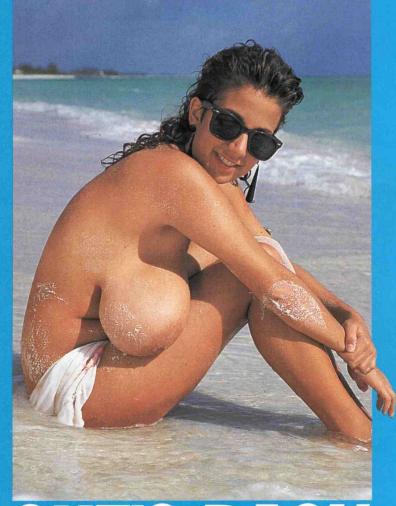


says the girl herself in her lilting Dublin brogue. "I love to do it outside, sunbathing and playing with myself at the same time. So it was lovely the weather was so warm when John arrived: it meant I could give him a really good show, playing with myself all around our garden and patio. I think it must have turned him on a little, even though he sees so many beautiful girls. After all, not many of those girls can be as sex-mad as I am!''**♣** 

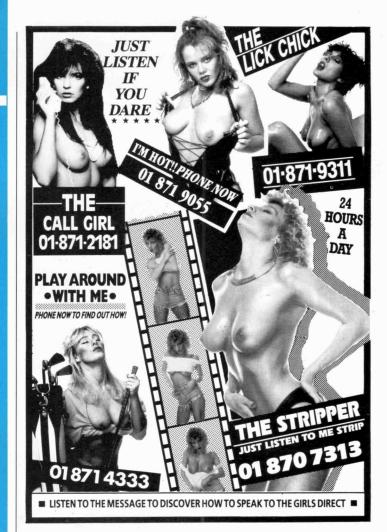




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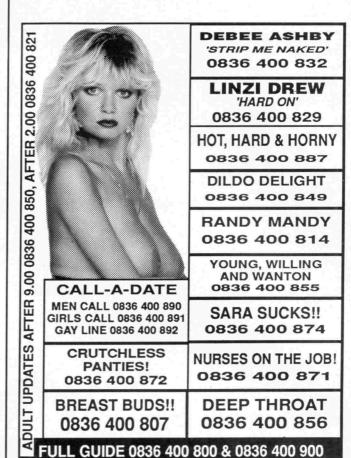




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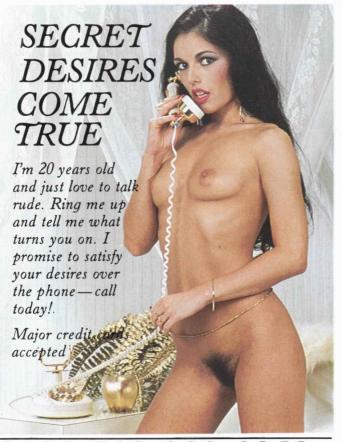
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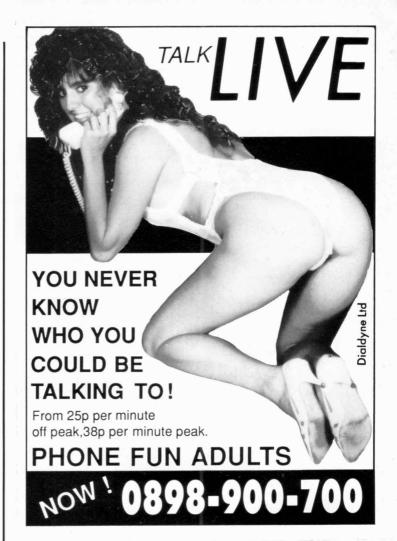






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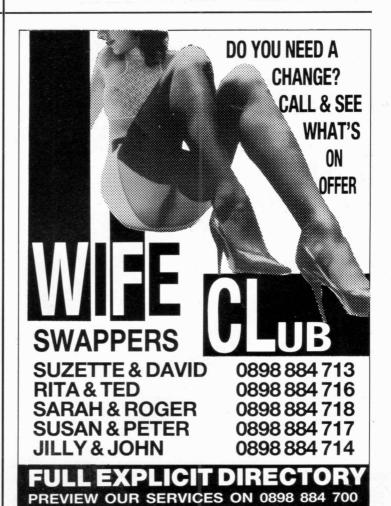
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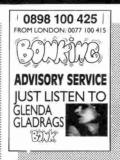








































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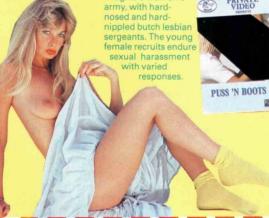
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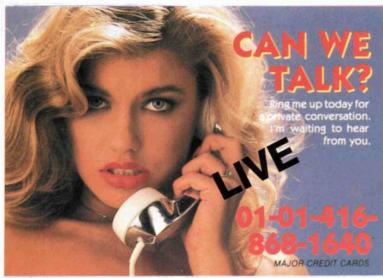
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Calls charged 25p per minute. 38p per minute peak.

LOVELY leggy blonde gives a superb corrective massage in a delightful atmosphere. Ring Vivienne 01-499 1486.

I'M a curvey, very friendly enthusiastic but sensible masseuse who adores her work. 01-723 6903.

### **HOT-PHONE-SEX**

A PRINCIPAL PROPERTY OF THE PR	CALL DE PRINCIPAL DE LA COMPANSION DE LA
TALK DIRTY TO ME	0836 402 141
SLAVE GIRL	0836 402 128
STRIP FOR ACTION	0836 402 139
SEX HOTLINE	0836 402 129
RANDY MANDY	0836 402 143
ADULTS ONLY	0836 402 137
ORAL FUN	0836 402 127
HOT & WET	0836 402 140
PUNISH ME	0836 402 135
LEATHER LADY	0836 402 136
BIG MAN WANTED	0836 402 132
ANIMAL LUST	0836 402 138
SEX FANTASIES	0836 402 133
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PERSONAL massage by attractive blonde in Maida Vale, W.9. Tel: 01-968 6308. FRANCE de Paris. Friendly mas-sage by a lovely busty brunette. 01-629 7569. BRIGHTON Executive leisurely massage in luxurious surround-

massage in luxurious surroundings, exquisite blonde. Brighton 729006.

BRIGHTON, delightful understanding young blonde mas-seuse, offers a luxury massage for the discerning businessman. Mon-Sat. 11.00am-9.30pm 0273

727627. ST ALBANS massage by slim pretty 18yr old masseuse. Tel 0727 24868. Monday to Friday, 9.30p.m. to 6p.m.

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RIPPED TIGHTS 0898 200915

**CAROL SATISFIES** 0898 200916

**BLACK STOCKINGS** WHITE THIGHS

0898 200917

DOMINANT LADY

0898 200918

DIAL A GIRL

0898 200920

**DELECTABLE** ex-glamour model

DELECTABLE ex-glamour model (genuine) will massage and refresh you 01-706 2185.

AMY gives leisurely massage to professional gents wanting that extra touch. Tel: 01 968 5411.

BRIGHTON Centre attractive young lady provides the ultimate massage. 0273 726740

SHEFFIELD Relaxing sensuous unhurried massage by tall

unhurried massage by tall attractive blonde. Tel. 0742

GORGEOUS blonde offers massage aimed to please executive gents, 061-653 0120.

APPRECIATE quality? Maria will soothe away your tensions the South American way. Tel 01-

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, Fun-filled

massage guaranteed. 7 days. Call Charlotte. 01-581 0090. HYDE, Park, sensual young blonde offers massage inprivate apartment. Tel Sarah 01-402

BIRMINGHAM refreshing massage in luxurious private apart-ment. Tel Annabel 021-454

HARROGATE, North Yorkshire, best private massage. Ring 0423 63007.

EXPERIENCED Anglo-Indian

EAPERIENCED Anglo-Indian beauty gives serious massage. Miss Ross 01-278 1501. MAI Lang beautiful young Singa-pore girl gives oriental massage. Maida Vale 01-328 9309

**GENUINE** young Thai beauty gives the traditional Thai body to body massage 01-625 5947.

BEAUTIFUL French lady for relaxing unhurried massage. Call Mireille, 01-960 9150.

GENTLEMEN prefer londes. A leisurely massage in Fulham area. 01-384 1281.

Ilford, Essex IGI ILW

A truly, gentle, caring massage with a charming selective young lady. Corina. Tel: 402 1044.

BIRMINGHAM refreshing young blonde offers massage in a prvate apartment, tel Kim 021 507 0559.

\$07 0559. **LEEDS** massge for the mature businessman. Let me relax you in the comfort and privacy of my city centre luxury apartment. Pone 0532 424138.

MANCHESTER for the ultimate experience in massage and relaxation. Phone 061-834 0952. Access welcome.

LUCY of knightsbridge, unhurried massage with pretty young blonde. 01-823 7442.

APPOINTMENTS (Central) Selective, friendly, young lady with a very sensitive touch. leisurely, clean discreet. Miss James. 01-262 4211.

MAGIC touch massage for Gentlemen with good taste, Stefamic. 01-286 7303.

**GERMAN** gives intoxicating, revitalising massage in luxurious surroundings. Call 01-431 4054.

MICHELLE bubbly blonde gives light fingertip massage. Baker St. 01-723 4050.

MASSAGE by beautiful English blonde. Hyde Park area. 01-221 5051.

BIRMINGHAM Tall gorgeous curvy blonde gives massage to business gentlemen. 021-420 4480

4480.

A sensible man would only visit a civilized, careful, sensitive young woman (with lovely curves!). For an understanding pleasurable massage in welcoming, hygenic and private surroundings 01-722 3662.

FOR a personal massage to your requirements. Please call 01-673 2746.

WHEN in Manchester enjoy a relaxing massage with Claire in her luxurious apartment. 061-224 3693.

HARROGATE Private masseuse will help relax revamp bodies, replenish the mind. 0423 526437.

526437. A beautiful sensuous massage 5 mins from Archway Tube. Tel 01-281 2020. NORTHANTS, Masaha for a sensual relaxed massage. Tel 0933 57222.

UNHURRIED massage by curvy young beauty. Discreet apart-ment 061-256 2986.

RELAXATION massage aro-matheraphy qualified masseuse. Phone Wellingborough 0933 625070.

625070.

BIRMINGHAM pretty blonde offers massage in private. 021 456 2376. Zoey.

FOR a sensuous massage by a talented masseuse. 01-724 6775.

CAROLINE'S discreet massage. Luxury flat, elegant blonde. Highgate area. 01-341 6060.

#### OBSESSIONS XXX

Free poppers and 10" vibrators. Save a fortune on ton quality pleasure products. Send SAE to

C.I.C. Market Maker, P.O. Box 1, Felxistowe, Suffolk, IP11 9UB

#### **ADULT PHOTOSETS**

Attractive young girl has photos of herself and friends, English and Oriental Girls photographed at play English Girl Set Oriental Girl Set £5.00 Mixed Set Shaven Girl Set f5.00 Any Three All Four £15.00 Paula, P.O. Box 9 (E),





## Rachel

Photographs by Scott Evans

Back in Vol 17 No 6 our

Welsh rare-bit Rachel

was bringing up the rear

of the magazine with her

own rather fantastic rear.

So no-one was too

unhappy when she asked























us if she could make a reappearance.

And in her last session, Rachel was telling us how much she enjoys getting her leg over. She's still enjoying it, then?

"Definitely. More than ever, in fact,"
the just-turned-20-year-old confessed to
us. "I'm getting far more nookie now than
I was when you last saw me in Club. All



those guys out there
seeing me naked must have
worked some kind of magic.

I've been absolutely
snowed under with offers.

To put it bluntly, I've
hardly been off my back
since then – which is just
the way I like it!

'And I can tell all you
blokes out there that I'm
always ready for more!'





# C O M I N G I N



#### FRILLING STUFF

NEXT MONTH WE ARE GOING LINGERIE BONKERS, LACY HALF CUP BRAS, TAUT, SNAPPY SUSPENDER BELTS, CREAMY SHEER STOCKINGS, FLIMSY SILK KNICKERS, ALL WRAPPED AROUND SOFT YIELDING FEMALE FLESH. AARGH!

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 4- ON SALE MARCH 30TH IT'S A BELTER

## IN-THE-BAG

continued from page 33

time spunk and love juices went everywhere.

After licking each other clean we just sat reading girlie mags, licking each other's parts, and after one more screw we decided we'd better be getting home. As I went to open the door she reminded me that it was locked. "Where did you put the key?" she asked. The last time I'd seen it was when I'd taken it out of her panties.

We spent ages looking for it but never found it. "Oh well," Gina remarked, "looks like we're in for a sex-packed night!" It sure as hell was! When I have recovered perhaps I'll write in again with more details. — Peter, Reading

#### Gina Genie!

Congratulations on bringing us the lovely, shapely Gina (Vol 18 No 1) with the skin like brown velvet, the soft sensual lips and the devastating look.

I hope we shall be seeing a lot more of her, and of many other home-grown Birds of Paradise.

Having had the great good fortune

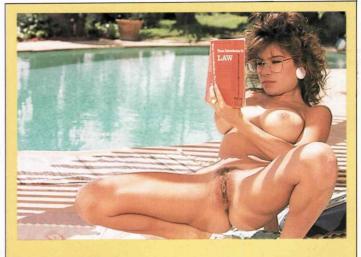


Benson? . . . Benson? . . . Bloody hell, not Bum Bandit Ben!

to have a black girlfriend, I can assure your readers that they are something very special indeed. – *David, Haringey* 

This is far from being the only letter we've had in praise of our dusky beauty Gina, so we're hoping to persuade her to make a return visit. In the meantime, if you want to see more exotic girls in Club, keep on telling us!





#### Dear Natasha,

You are dead right about men getting turned on by scrummy girls like you wearing specs.
Don't ask me why it excites me so much, but your set in Vol 17 No 9 had my prick throbbing and rigid as soon as I saw you.
The centrefold was too much for me, as I imagined you were looking at me wanking and spraying my come over your sensational arse and quim.

I also love to see girls with glasses caressing their boobs. There's only one shot of you doing that, and I'm desperate to see more of your lovely, squeezy, squashy tits and most of all, I'm dreaming of you tit-wanking me, till I come in gushes in your cleavage, splattering your specs in the process. I need more of you, Natasha, you are a dream. – Daniel, Wales

I knew that there would be hundreds of men who love us four-eyed girls, Daniel, but yours was the letter that turned me on the most. I must admit that I was naughty and fondled myself a bit. In fact, my glasses steamed up as soon as I read it! Want to come and clean them for me? – Natasha

## The Club guide to girls

## 6: Totally mad girls Continuing our occasional series, Vernon O'Tamar guides you round mentally unbalanced crumpet.

Women who are completely off their sprocket are great fun to have around, so long as you don't mind having most of your possessions broken and losing all your friends. Life with them is one long round of fun. surprises, interest and sudden violence.

The other day I was cruising the strip in downtown Balham - one of the more glamorous parts of south London, in case you've never been there. In the passenger seat of my Xreg Capri was a certain Sandy, a girl who's been several cards short of a deck ever since I ran her over in 1983. (I make my friends in the oddest places.) Sandy was clutching a washing up liquid bottle full of paint, and every now and then she'd shout, "Pull over"

and I'd have to slide in towards the kerb, slowing to 15 or so. Sandy would then spray some innocent skateboarder blue, and I'd drop down to first and screech away at speed.

Now this may seem to you to be a stupid way to spend your Thursday nights. I wouldn't disagree. After all, when we got pulled up by the law it was me who got charged with dangerous driving. But if you're going to keep your paws on a crazy girl, you have to do this sort of thing.

If you leave a crazy girl at home while you go out to work, you'll come back to find she's raided your Access card and invited a few close friends in for a Margharita party. When you arrive you'll find the guests restaging the battle for the Falklands in the

kitchen. The neighbours will all be phoning their lawyers to bring a civil action against you. The "close friends" are in fact a few of the local drug dealers, three guys she met down the Jobcentre, your mother, her mother, two Radio 1 DJs, an obscure Russian aristocrat, the staff of the local Ladbrokes and a prominent civil servant she used to have bondage sessions with, whom she is now blackmailing.

She delights in these sort



of gatherings, because she knows everyone there will hate each other. There could therefore be some interesting fights, in which all your furniture will be destroyed by the marauding drink- and drug-crazed mob she has created. Your house may also be burnt down.

Bearing all this in mind, you might ask why anyone bothers to go out with crazy girls. Well, as usual, it's mainly sex. When you read all the letters in Club about doing it outdoors in the shopping centre, or taking kinky polaroids, or having it off in a vat of cherry flavoured yoghurt with three girls, two postmen and a Doberman Pinscher, you can be sure they've come from crazy girls. They're the only ones who actually do that sort of thing. In fact, most of the models in Club are crazy. Crazies are natural

They're also the responsive type. When you've finally got your old every moan and wriggle they've got: they'll scratch you till you bleed, scream till the neighbours bang on the wall, bite their knuckles, bite your knuckles, put their ankles behind their ears, etc, etc. Of course, they might get up halfway through to make themselves a Margharita if they fancy it, but that's the chance you have to take.

A word of warning: watch out for fake mad girls. There are plenty of bimbos out there who'll sit over their Cuba Libres ("Oh, I prefer a rum and Coke really") and say, "I'm just totally mad, you know!" Never believe

Valpollicella at this "upmarket wine bar" (Nafforella's in Peckham). If you ask a really mad girl out to paint the town red. she'll turn up with two tins

The final question is, how do you get a really mad girl? Well, you don't. She gets you if she feels like it. If you must try to search them out, the best places are police cells, graveyards (they like a good laugh), terrorist safe houses, strip joints (a lot of crazy girls are dancers) and the passenger seats of very fast cars. They'll be the one sucking off the driver while he (or she) does 160 up the M10. Good luck. 🍁





